MVSICA TRANSALPINA.

CANTVS.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Madrigalles, to 5. & 6. voices: translated out of ſundrie Ftalian Authors

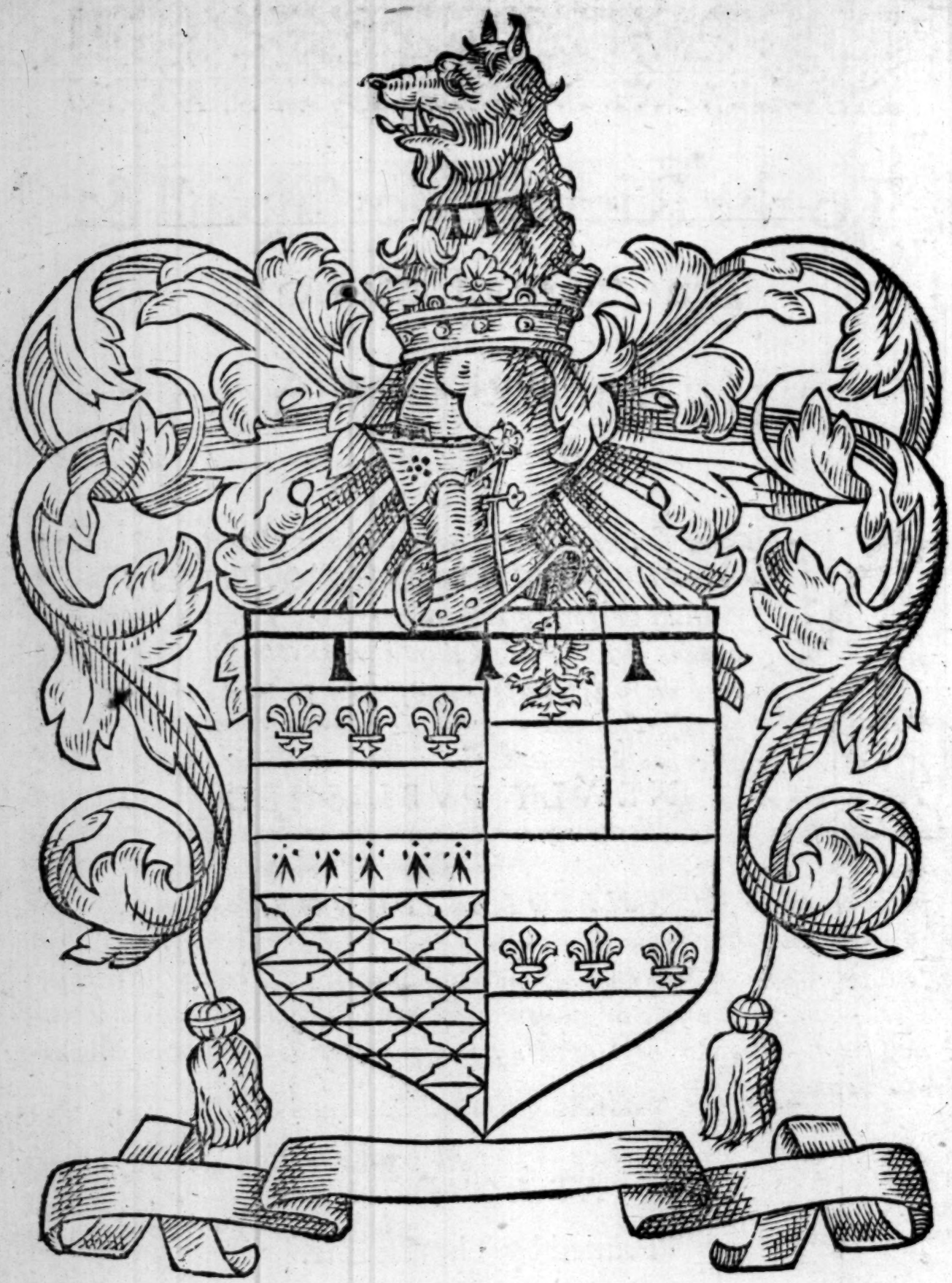
&

NEWLY PVBLISHED BY

NICOLAS YONGE.



AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte.
1597.



To the Right Worſhipfull & True louer of Muſicke,

Syr Henry Lennard

KNIGHT.

NO one ſcience draweth neerer to the eſſence of God, then this of Muſicke. (For as God is altogether vnitie: So is Muſicke proportionably an harmoniacall vnitie.) No man fauours men of that qualitie beyond your ſelfe. To no man am I more deepely beholding then to your good ſelfe. Lo then; In all theſe reſpects, and without all further ceremony, I heere preſent to your good iudgement this ſecond Booke of MVSICA TRANSALPINA. Which (as well vpon the gracious acceptance of my firſt one,) As alſo the encouragement of ſundry ciuill Gentlemen, and Marchants of good ſorte) I haue carefully culled out of the Compoſitions of the beſt Authors in Italy. Perhaps they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as they ſing Italian. And (alas) how colde they, beeing as yet but late ſoiourners in England? Howbeeit I humbly deſire, your ſelfe principally, and in your name all others for whoſe delight they were intended, to ſupply their defects with friendly interpretation. And ſo, humblie bowing my ſelfe, I reſt.

At your deuotion

wholly and euer

Nicolas Yonge.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in theſe bookes, with the names of their ſeuerall Authors and Originalls.

Of 5.

THE white delightfull Swanne.	I	Horatio Vecchi
Zephirus brings the time.	II	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
So farre deere life.	III	Giulio Eremita.
Cinthia thy ſong & chaunting.	IIII	Giouanni Croce.
Fly if thou wilt bee flying.	V	Giulio Eremita.
At ſound of hir ſweet voyce.	VI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Browne is my Loue but gracefull.	VII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
The Wine that I ſo deerely got.	VIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Dolorous mournefull cares.	IX	Luca Marenzio.
In flowre of Aprills ſpringing.	X	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Hills and woods, craggs and rocks.	XI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Lady my flame. The firſt part.	XII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet Lord. The ſecond part.	XIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet ſparkle of Loues fire,	XIIII	Gio: Maria Nanino.
Now ſprings each plant to heauen.	XV	Lucretio Quintiani.
Sweet eyes admiring.	XVI	Ste. Venturi.

Of 6.

Loue quench this heat conſuming.	XVII	Benedetto Palauacino.
Cruell, why doſt thou flye mee.	XVIII	Benedetto Palauacino.
O gratious and worthieſt.	XIX	Giouanni Croce.
Shall I liue ſo far diſtant from thee.	XX	Luca Marenzio.
So ſayth my faire and beautifull.	XXI	Luca Marenzio.
For griefe I dye enraged.	XXII	Andrea Feliciane.
Daintie white Pearle.	XXIII	Antonio Bicci.
Hard by a Chriſtall fountaine.	XXIIII	Giouanni Croce.

FINIS.

THe white : Sweet ſing- ing, ſweet ſing- ing,

ſweet ſing- ing, ſweet ſing- ing dyeth,

and I lamenting, feele both ſence & life relen- ting, that he ſhould dye

di-ſtreſſed, & I I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed.

filſt mee with glad- neſſe, filſt mee with glad- neſſe, and with

ſweet loue longing, filſt mee with gladnes, with glad- neſſe & with

ſweet loue longlng, if in thy pangs I feele, a thouſand deaths a day, a thouſand

deaths a day, a thouſand deaths a day ſhould not diſpleaſe mee, ſhould not diſpleaſe

mee, diſpleaſe mee.

Z Ephirus brings the time ỹ ſweet- ly ſen- teth, with flowres &

hearbs,& winters froſt exi- leth,with flowres & hearbs & winters froſt exileth,winters

froſt ex-i- leth.Progne now chirpeth, Progne now chirps,& Philomele lamen-

teth, Flora the garlands white & red cõpi- leth, Flo-

ra the garlands white & red compileth,Fields do reioyce(*now*) :‖: fields do re-

ioyce the frowning skye relen- teth,Ioue to behold his,Ioue to behold

his deereſt daughter ſmileth,his deereſt daughter ſmileth,th'aire ỹ water the

earth to ioy cõſenteth,to ioy,to ioy conſen- teth, Each creature now to loue him recon-

cy- leth,each creature now to loue him recõcileth,Each &c.



O farre, deere life, deare life, from thy bright beames ab-

ſen- ted, but no diſgrace of fortune, or

ſtar moſt hatefull, can blot out of my breſt thy name ſo grateful, thy name ſo grate-

ful, for (*that*) thy liuely ſhape & therby loue reſer- ued, & hope with out

to ſee the Sun our hemiſphere adorning, in myne horizon ſhi- ning, Oh if that

blisful howre, oh if that blisfull houre may once releiue mee, kill mee foorthwith

good Loue it ſhall not grieue mee, it ſhall not grieue mee.


Inthia thy ſong & chaũ- ting, ſo ſtrãg a flame in gentle harts a-
wa- keth, Cinthia thy ſong & chaũ- ting, ſo ſtrãg a flame in gentle harts a-
waketh, ſo ſtrang a flame in gentle harts in gentle harts awaketh, that euery cold de-
ſire wanton Loue maketh, ſounds, to thy praiſe and vaunting, to thy praiſe and
vaunting, ſounds to thy praiſe, to thy prayſe & vaunting, and vaunting, of Sirens
moſt commended, of Sirens moſt commended, that with delightfull tunes for praiſe cõ-
tended, for whẽ thou ſweetly ſoun- deſt, ỹ neither kilſt nor woũdeſt, thou neither
kilſt, nor woũdeſt, but dooſt reuiue a nom- ber of bodyes buryed, in per-
petuall ſlomber. in perpetuall ſlomber, :||: in perpetuall ſlom- ber.



Ly if ÿ wilt be fly- ing, Foe to my

hart moſt wrath- full, which more & more grows faithfull,

:||: Deſire purſues thee crying, to tell thee of his torment, and

of my dying, :||: and of my dy- ing, But if my harts deſire be

not, :||: I hope by loue to ſee thee caught, to ſee thee caught or woū-

ded, I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or wounded. :||:

But if my harts deſire be not, with griefe cõfoun- ded, I hope by

loue to ſee thee caught or wounded, :||: I hope by

loue to ſee thee caught, thee caught or wounded.

AT ſound of hir ſweet voice & words betraying, at ſoũd of

hir ſweet voice & words betraying, my hope auanc'd,

that faire deſire had foun- ded, but as braue Thebes was built by harps ſweet

playing, but as braue Thebes was built by harps ſweet playing, & fell by ſound of

warlike trũpet, :||: of warlike trump confounded, ſo that diſpightful tongue

with rage enflamed, ſounding th'alarme, :||: ſounding th'a-larme vn-

to my hart amazed, left not one rampire, to the ground vn, left not one ram-

pire to the ground vnrazed.

Rowne is my Loue but gracefull, browne is my loue but grace-

full, and each renowned whiteneſſe, matcht with thy louely browne, looſeth his

bright- neſſe matcht with thy louely browne looſeth his bright- neſſe, looſeth his

brightneſſe. Faire is my loue, but ſcornefull, :||: faire is my Loue, but

ſcornefull, yet haue I ſeene diſpiſed, daintie white Lillies and ſad flowres

wel pri- ſed, yet haue I ſeene diſpy- ſed, :||: daintie white

Lillies and ſad flowres well pri-ſed, Browne is my Loue but gracefull.

:||: Browne is my Loue but grace- full, Browne is my Loue,

but gracefull.


THe VVine that I ſo deerly got, ſweetly ſipping, mine eies, hath blea- red,
ſweetly ſipping, ſweetly ſipping, mine eies hath blea- red, & the more I am
bard the pot, the more to drinck my thirſt is ſteared, the more to drinck my thirſt
is ſtea- red, but ſince therby my hart is chered, maugre ill luck & ſpitefull ſlanders, mine eyes ſhall
not be my commaunders, for I maintaine, and e-uer ſhall, & e-uer ſhall, better (were) the
windows bide the daunger, better the windows bide the dangers, then to ſpoile both the houſe &
all, then to ſpoile, ij. both the houſe & all, better were the windows
bide the dangers, better the windows bide the dāgers, thē to ſpoile both the houſe & all, then to
ſpoile, then to ſpoile both the houſe & all.


DO- lo-rous morneful cares, ruthles tormenting, ruth- les tor-
menting, hatefull guyues curſed bon- dage, ſharpeſt endu-
raunce, wherein both nights & dayes, my hart euer ren- ting
wretch I beewaile my loſt delight & pleaſaunce, woefull loud cryes, ſadde ſcriches,
how- ling lamenting, wa- try teares, watry teares ſhed
& euerlaſting griueaunce, theſe are my dainties & my daiely feding, & my liues
com- fort, & my liues comfort, bitter gall excee- ding, & my liues
comfort, & my liues com- fort, (the) bitter gall ex-ce- ding,
(the) bitter gall excee- ding,

IN flowre of A- prill ſpringing, In flowre,&c. of

A prill ſpringing,when pleaſant birdes to ſport them, when &c. e-

mong the woods conſort them, when pleaſ ãt birds to ſport them, emong ỹ e-

mong the woods conſort them, emong &c. warbling with cheerefull notes

warbling &c. with cheerefull notes,& ſweetly ſinging,warbling &c.

for Ioy Clo-re the faire hir ſong was chaũting, for Ioy (*then*)for

ioy Clore ỹ faire hir ſong was chaũ- ting, the ſweet loues vaun-

ting of hir & hir Elpine, Elpine ỹ ſweet loues vaun-

ting,of hir & hir Elpine, ỹ ſweet loues vaunting, the ſweet loues vaun-



Ills & woods, craggs & rocks, and ſhores & fountaines,

I ſeeke & ſearch, if in ſome place retired, if in ſome place rety-

red, I might aſſuage my bitter plaint, my bitter plaint,

my bitter plaint and groning, but now I ſee one onely vale deſi- red, one

onely vale, one onely vale deſi- red, ſerues to repoſe my rimes and reſtles mo-

ning, that murmuring, that murmuring, do go that murmuring do go, through

fieldes through fieldes & moun- taines, that murmuring do goe, that murmu-

ring doe goe, that murmuring doe goe through fieldes & moun- taines.

ting, the ſweet loues vaun-

ting, loues vaunting.

L A- dy my flame ſtil burning,& my cõſuming anguiſh,and &c.

doth grow ſo great,ỹ life I feele to lan- guiſh, & my cõſuming an- guiſh,doth

grow ſo great,ỹ life I feele to lãguiſh,doth grow &c. Oh let your

hart be moued, :||: to end my grief & yours ſo, to end &c.

ſo lõg time proued, and quẽch ỹ heat ỹ my chief part ſo fireth, and &c.

ſo fireth, yeelding the fruict that faithfull loue re-

quireth,& quench the heat that my chiefe part ſo fi- reth,and quench the

heat that my chiefe part ſo fi- reth, yeelding the fruict that faithfull

loue requi- reth,yeelding the fruict that faithful loue,that faithful loue requireth.



Sweet Lord, ſweet Lord, your flame ſtill bur-- ning, ſweet &c.



& your cõſuming an- guiſh, :‖: & your cõſu-



ming an- guiſh, cannot be more thẽ mine in which I lãguiſh, can



not be more thẽ mine in which I lan-- guiſh. Nor more your hart is mo-



ued, to end my grief & yours ſo long time pro- ued, to end &c.



but if I yeeld & ſo your flame decreaſeth, de-crea- ſeth, Oh then



looſe I my Louer & your loue cea- ſeth, but if I yeeld, but if I yeeld &



ſo your flame decreaſeth, decreaſeth, Oh then looſe I my louer & your loue



cea- ſeth, Oh then looſe I my louer, & your loue ceaſeth, & your loue ceaſeth.

Sweet ſparkle of Loues fire, :||: if that

thy power bee ſuch, :||: that

clad in Beauties rich attyre, :||: a thouſand thouſand harts, :||:

with death & life ỹ touch, What can bee ſaid but only

this, ỹ mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy pleaſure is. thou mak'ſt men liue & die euen

as thy pleaſure is. What can bee ſaide but on- ly this, thou mak'ſt men liue and

die euen as thy pleaſure is. thou mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy pleaſure is.



Now ſprings each plant to heauen aloft aſpiring, now ſprings &c.



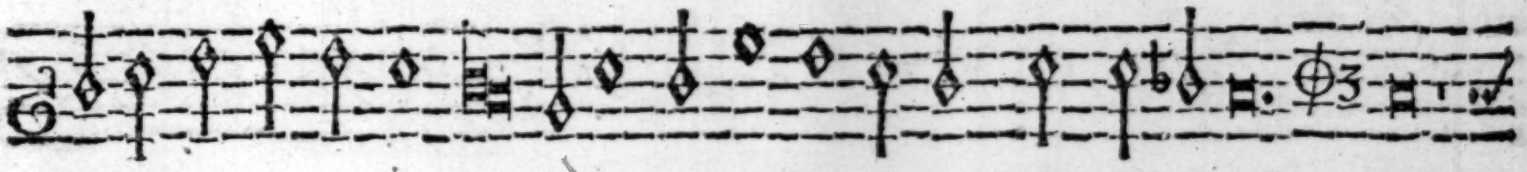
And in faire fields of Violets, and of ſweet Ro- ſes,& of ſweet Roſes,



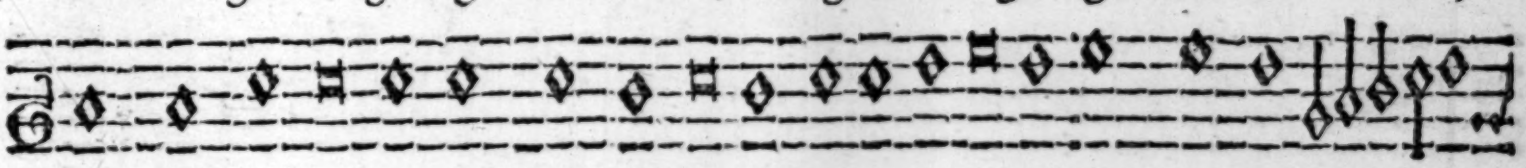
Chearfully,chearfully ſport them, :||: chearfully ſport them,ſport them,



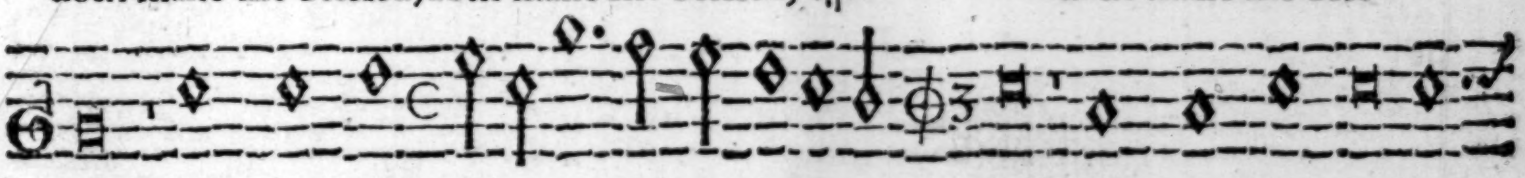
wanton Loues with gladneſſe,Since ſhee whoſe ſacred breſt my life encloſes, af-



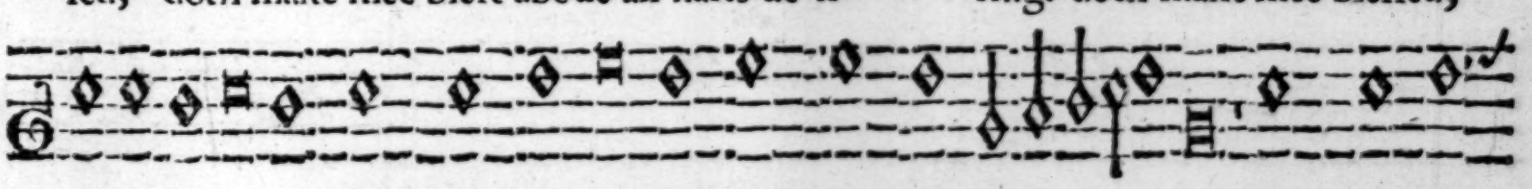
ter ſo long diſtres great grief & ſadneſſe,ſo long diſtreſſe great griefe & ſad- neſſe,



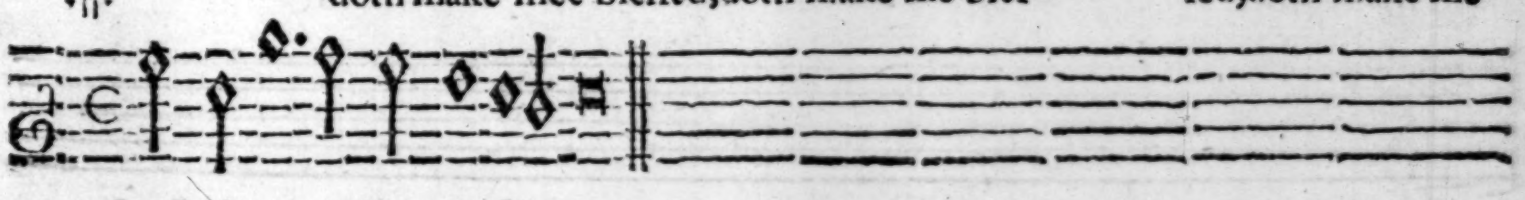
doth make me bleſſed,doth make me bleſſed, :||: doth make me bleſ-



ſed, doth make mee bleſt aboue all harts de-ſi- ring. doth make mee bleſſed,



:||: doth make mee bleſſed,doth make me bleſ- ſed,doth make me



bleſt aboue all harts deſi- ring.



Weet eyes, admiring you I am left hart- les, admi-

ring you I am left hartles, I am left hartles, Sweet eyes admiring

you I am left hartles, you I am left hartles, for when you doe leaue mee, of my

hart you bereaue mee, for when you doe leaue mee, of my hart you bereaue me, ah

Ah let not for pitty my griefe moſt hap- les, vntimely ſlay me, left ſole with

out relieuing, if you returne not Ah I ſhall dye with grie- uing. if

you returne not, Ah I ſhall dye with grie- uing.



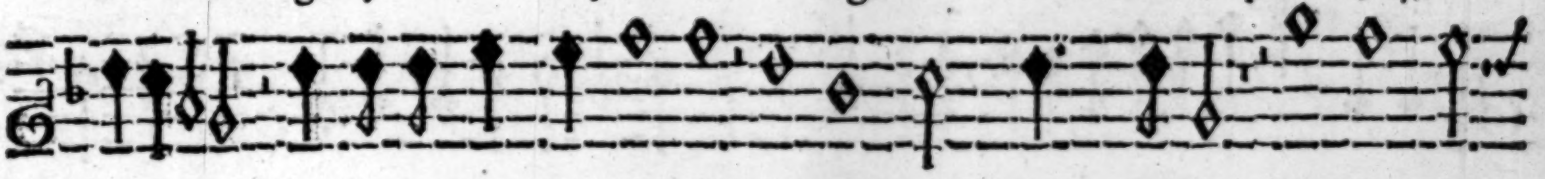
L Oue quench this heat cõſuming, to much in one ſole hart thy fire is fuming,



Loue quẽch this heat cõſuming, :||: to much in one ſole hart thy



fire is fuming, thy &c. thy fire is fuming, Caſt but a flame leaſt painful, :||:



caſt but a flame leaſt painfull, on thoſe cold thoughts (*of hirs*) on thoſe cold



thoughts & ỹ deſire cõgealed, warming hir hart diſdainful, warming hir hart diſdain-



full, that feeling neuer found thy force reuea-led, thy force reuea- led,



for neuer well remayned a hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow cõtained, in breſt &c.



in breſt &c. for neuer well remained, :||: a



hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow contayn- ned, a hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow cõtained.



Cruell, cruell, why doſt thou flye mee, why doſt thou flye mee, :||:



Why doſt thou flye mee, If ſo my death ſo great content may winne thee,



Thou haſt my hart within thee, thou haſt my hart within thee, doſt ÿ thinck by thy



flying, :||: cruell, to ſee mee dying? to ſee me dying? to ſee me



dying? Oh, oh none alyue can die, none alyue can dye, none aliue can die, Oh



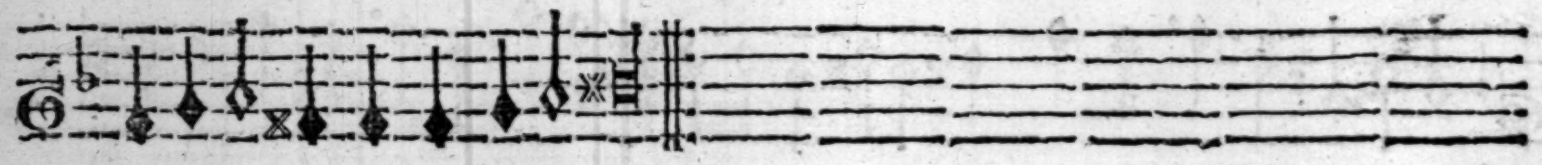
none alyue can die hurtleſſe vngrieued, and grief can no man feele, of hart de-



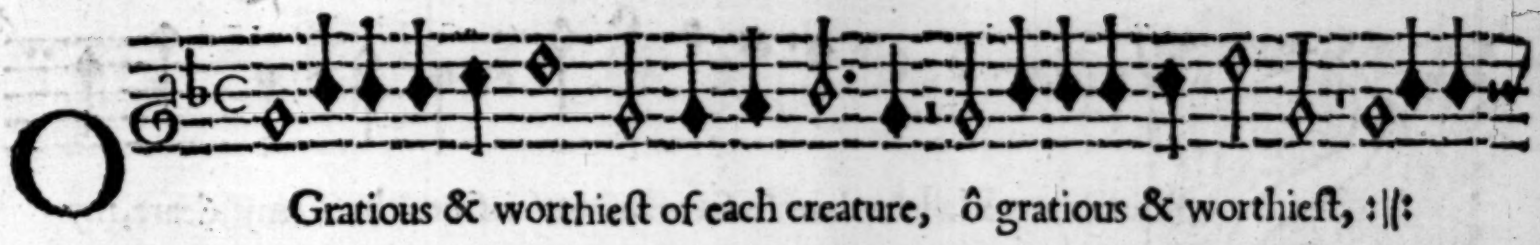
priued, of hart depriued, Oh, none aliue can die, none aliue can die, :||:



hurtleſſe vngrieued, & griefe can no man feele, of hart depriued, of



hart depri-ued, of hart depriued.



O Gratious & worthieſt of each creature, ô gratious & worthieſt, :||:



ô gratious & worthieſt of ech creature, know you for why ỹ fates, :||:



the ſtars & heauen, the &c. this worthy name of gra-tious haue giuen,



:||: to your ſo rare a feature, :||: :||:



becauſe with in your gratious face is dwelling, ech louely grace, each louely



grace, louely grace, each loue-ly grace & fauour moſt excelling, then if, then if you



are as gratious faire as may bee, ſhew fruicts of garce & doe not ſlay mee, ſlay mee,



ſhew fruicts of grace, of grace, and do not ſlay mee, :||:



ſhew fruicts of grace and dooe not ſlay mee, dooe not ſlay mee, ſlay mee.



Hall I liue ſo farre diſtant from thee my deare, my

onely good & ſweeteſt pleaſure, to feele pains without mea-

ſure, Ah ſuffer not, :||: :||: ah ſuffer not each houre t'increaſe my ſigh-

ing, ſee now my ſoule is flying, :||: & if through griefe of force it

muſt conſume, muſt conſume, yet let it pining dye, pi-ning dye, ſee now my

ſoule is flying, :||: is flying, & if through griefe of force, through

griefe of force it muſt conſume, pining dye, :||: within thy milkwhite bo-

ſome, within thy milkwhite boſome, boſome, within thy milkwhite boſome.



O ſaith my faire & beautifull Li-co-ris, when now & then ſhe talketh :||:



with mee of Loue, Loue is a ſpirit that walketh, that fores & flyes



& none aliue can hold him, & none &c. nor touch him, nor behold him,



yet whē hir eies ſhe tur- neth, I ſpie wher he ſoiorneth, in hir eies ther he



flyes :||: in hir eies ther hee flyes, but none can touch him, till on hir lippes he



couch him, yet when hir eyes ſhe tur- neth, I ſpie wher he ſoiorneth,



in hir eyes, ther he flyes :||: in hir eyes, ther he flyes, but none can catch him,



in hir eyes, ther he flyes :||: In hir eyes ther he flyes, but none can catch



him, till from hir lippes he fetch him, :||:

For griefe I dye, for griefe I dye enraged, now wretch I feele my ſelfe, now wretch I feele my ſelfe by ſnares engaged, for while to much I ioyed, for while to much I ioyed, new & more painefull bandes fierce loue employed, new & more painefull bandes fierce loue employed, who helpeth oh, oh who mee lamenteth, oh who me lamenteth, who mee lamenteth, that wilfullie my death, that wilfullie my death by loue preuenteth, by loue preuenteth.

Aintie white pearle, & you freſh ſmi- ling Ro-

ſes, freſh ſmy- ling Roſes, Dainty white pearle & you freſh

ſmi- ling Roſes, and you freſh ſmi- ling Ro- ſes, The

Nectar ſweet diſtilling, Oh, Oh why are you vnwilling, Of my ſighes inly fi-

ring? Ah yet my ſoule hir ſelf in them diſ-cloſes, Some reliefe, :||: :||: thẽce de-

ſiring. Ah yet my ſoule, Some reliefe, :||: ſome reliefe thence de-ſi-

ring. Some reliefe, :||: thence diſiring, Some reliefe, :||: thence de-ſiring.



HArd by a Cri- ſtall fountaine, *ORIANA* ỹ bright lay doune a



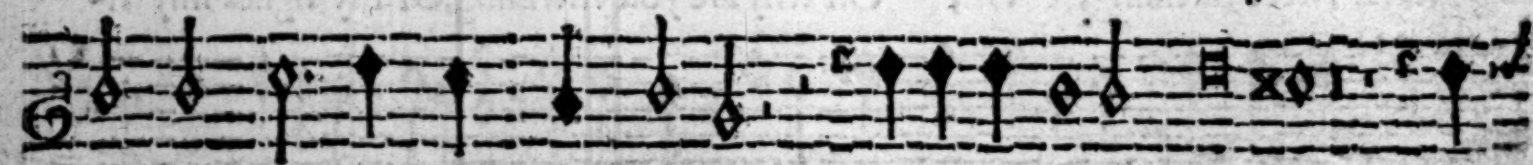
ſlee- ping, The birds they finely chirped, The birds they finely chirp'd ỹ winds



were ſtil- led, Sweetly with theſe accenting :‖: the aër was filled,



Which heau'n for hir reſer- ueth, which heau'n for hir reſerueth, :‖:



Leaue ſheppards your Lambs-keeping, Vpon the barren mountaine, For



ſhee the ſheppards life main-taines and yowërs, Then ſang the ſheppards and Nimphs



of Di-a-na, Nimphs of Di-a-na, faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIA-*



NA, Long liue faire *ORIANA*, :‖: Long liue faire *ORIANA*,



:‖: :‖: Long liue faire *ORIANA*.

FINIS.

2

ALTVS.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Madrigalles, to 5. & 6. voices: translated out of sundrie Italian Authors

&

NEWLY PVBLISHED BY

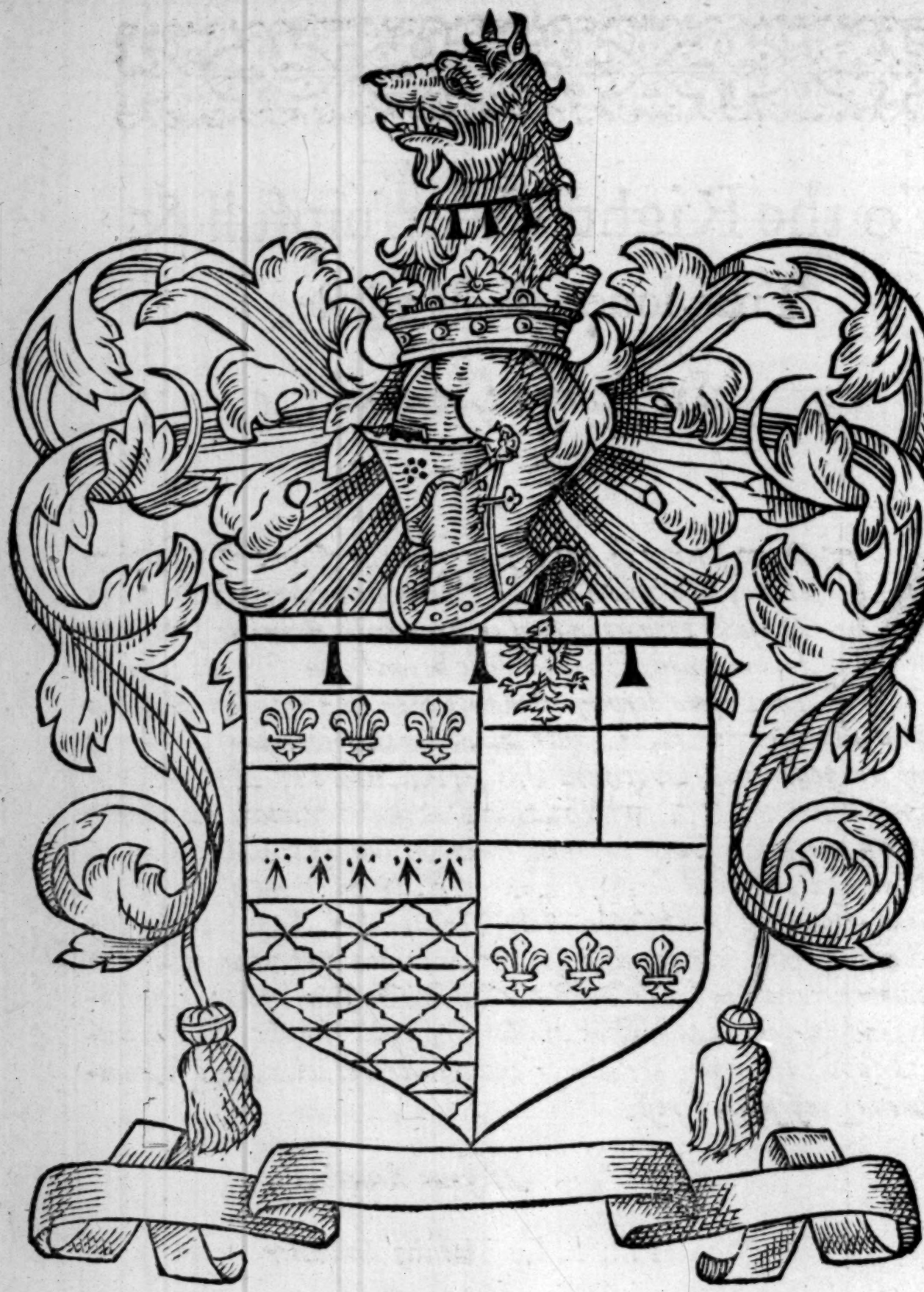
NICOLAS YONGE.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1597.



To the Right Worſhipfull & True louer of Muſicke,

Syr Henry Lennard

KNIGHT.

NO one ſcience draweth neerer to the eſſence of God, then this of Muſicke. (For as God is altogether vnitie: So is Muſicke proportionably an harmoniacall vnitie.) No man fauours men of that qualitie beyond your ſelfe. To no man am I more deepely beholding then to your good ſelfe. Lo then; In all theſe reſpects, and without all further ceremony, I heere preſent to your good iudgement this ſecond Booke of MVSICA TRANSALPINA. Which (as well vpon the gracious acceptance of my firſt one,) As alſo the encouragement of ſundry ciuill Gentlemen, and Marchants of good ſorte) I haue carefully culled out of the Compoſitions of the beſt Authors in Italy. Perhaps they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as they ſing Italian. And (alas) how colde they, beeing as yet but late ſoiourners in England? Howbeeit I humbly deſire, your ſelfe principally, and in your name all others for whoſe delight they were intended, to ſupply their defects with friendly interpretation. And ſo, humblie bowing my ſelfe, I reſt.

At your deuotion

wholly and euer

Nicolas Yonge.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in these bookes, with the names of their seuerall Authors and Originalls.

Of 5.

THE white delightfull *Swanne.*	I	Horatio Vecchi
Zephirus brings the time.	II	Alfonso Feraboſco.
So farre deere life.	III	Giulio Eremita.
Cinthia thy song & chaunting.	IIII	Giouanni Croce.
Fly if thou wilt bee flying.	V	Giulio Eremita.
At sound of hir sweet voyce.	VI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Browne is my Loue but gracefull.	VII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
The Wine that I so deerely got.	VIII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Dolorous mournefull cares.	IX	Luca Marenzio.
In flowre of Aprills springing.	X	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Hills and woods, craggs and rocks.	XI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Lady my flame. The first part.	XII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Sweet Lord. The second part.	XIII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Sweet sparkle of Loues fire,	XIIII	Gio: Maria Nanino.
Now springs each plant to heauen.	XV	Lucretio Quintiani.
Sweet eyes admiring.	XVI	Ste. Venturi.

Of 6.

Loue quench this heat consuming.	XVII	Benedetto Palauacino.
Cruell, why dost thou flye mee.	XVIII	Benedetto Palauacino.
O gratious and worthiest.	XIX	Giouanni Croce.
Shall I liue so far distant from thee.	XX	Luca Marenzio.
So sayth my faire and beautifull.	XXI	Luca Marenzio.
For griefe I dye enraged.	XXII	Andrea Feliciane.
Daintie white Pearle.	XXIII	Antonio Bicci.
Hard by a Christall fountaine.	XXIIII	Giouanni Croce.

FINIS.


THe white delightful Swanne ſweet ſing- ing dyeth, ſweet
ſinging, ſweet ſing- ing, ſweet ſinging dy- eth, and I
lamenting, feele both ſence & life relenting, ſtrange & vnlike proceeding, that
he ſhould dye diſtreſſed, & I I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye
moſt bleſſed. Death which in all thy wrong-ing, filſt mee with glad- neſſe, filſt
mee with glad- neſſe, with gladneſſe & with ſweet loue longing, if in thy
pangs no greater griefe doe ſeaſe mee, a thouſand deaths a day, a thouſand deaths a
day, a thouſand deths a day ſhould not, a thouſand deaths a day, a thouſand deaths a
day, ſhould not diſpleaſe mee.



Zephirus brings the time ỹ ſweetly ſenteth, with flowres & hearbs & winters



froſt exileth, with flowres & hearbs & winters froſt exi- leth, :||:



Progne now chirpeth, Progne now chirps, & Philomele lamenteth, & Phi-



lomele lamẽteth, Flora the garlãds white & red compileth, Flo-ra the garlãds



white & red compileth, fields do reioyce, the frowning skye, the frowning skye relen-



teth, Ioue to behold his deereſt daughter ſmileth, behold his deereſt daughter ſmileth,



deereſt daughter ſmileth, th'aire the water the earth, to ioy conſenteth, Each creature



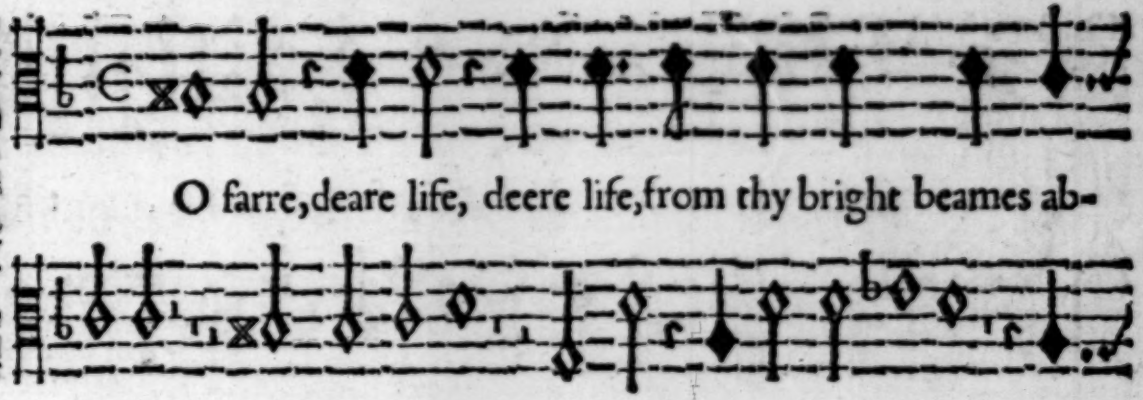
now to loue him reconcileth, Each creature now, to loue, :||: Each



creature now, each creature now to loue him reconci- leth.



O farre, deare life, deere life, from thy bright beames ab-



ſented, in griefe I liue, in griefe I liue tormented, but



no diſgrace of fortune, or ſtarre moſt hateful, can blot out of my breſt thy name ſo



gratefull, thy name ſo gratefull, for in my hart is kerued thy liuely ſhape & therby



loue refer- ued, ſtill do I ſee th'and ſtill attend the morning, attend the morning, :||:



to ſee the ſunne our hemiſphere a- dorning, in my horizon ſhining,



oh if that bliſfull houre, :||: may once relieue mee, kill mee foorthwith



good Loue, it ſhall not grieue mee, it ſhall not grieue mee.



Inthia thy ſong & chaũ- ting, ſo ſtrãg a flame in

gentle harts awaketh, Cinthia thy ſong & chaũ- ting, ſo

ſtrang a flame in gentle harts, ſo ſtrang &c. in gentle harts awaketh, that euery

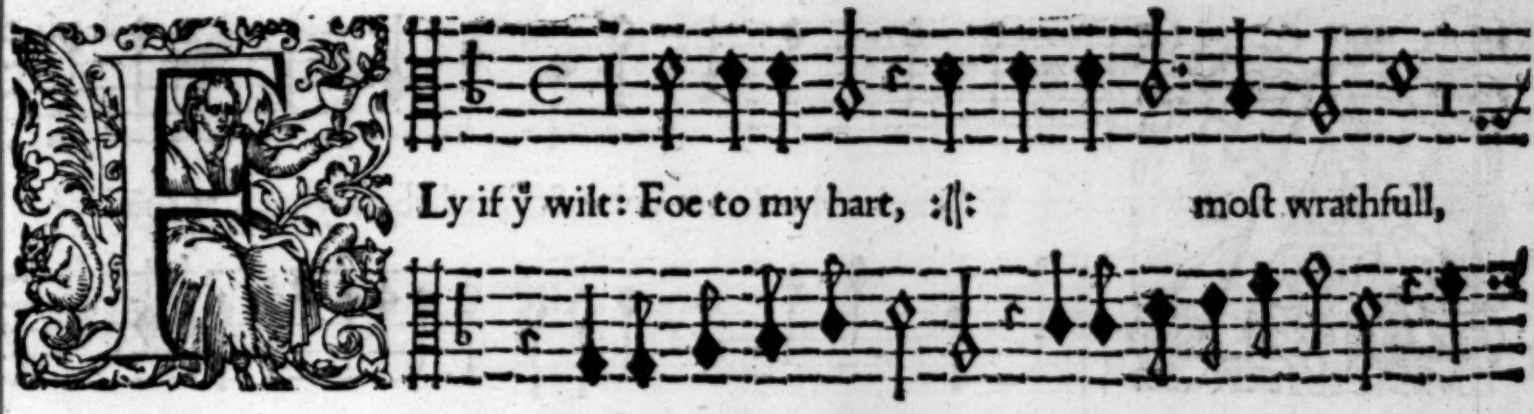
cold deſire wanton Loue ma- keth, ſounds to thy praiſe & vaunting, ſounds to thy

praiſe & vaũting, ſounds to thy praiſe & vaun- ting, of Sirens moſt, of Sirens

moſt commended, ỹ with delightfull tunes for praiſe cõtended, for whẽ thou ſweetly

ſoundeſt, thou neither kilſt, thou neither kilſt nor woundeſt, but dooſt reuiue a nom-

ber of bodyes buryed, in perpetuall, in perpetuall ſlomber, in perpetuall ſlomber.


Ly if ÿ wilt: Foe to my hart, :||: moſt wrathfull,
Deſire purſues thee crying, :||: which
more & more grows faithfull, deſire purſues thee cry- ing,to tell thee of his tor-
ment, and of my dying, :||: But if my harts deſire be not, :||:
with griefe confounded, I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or wounded,
:||: I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or woũded.but if my harts de-
ſire be not, :||: with griefe cõfounded, I hope by loue to ſee thee
caught or wounded, thee caught or wounded, I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or
wounded.



T ſound of hir ſweet voice & words betraying, at ſoũd of

hir ſweet voice & words betraying, :||:

my hope auanc'd, that faire deſire had founded, but as braue Thebes was built, :||:

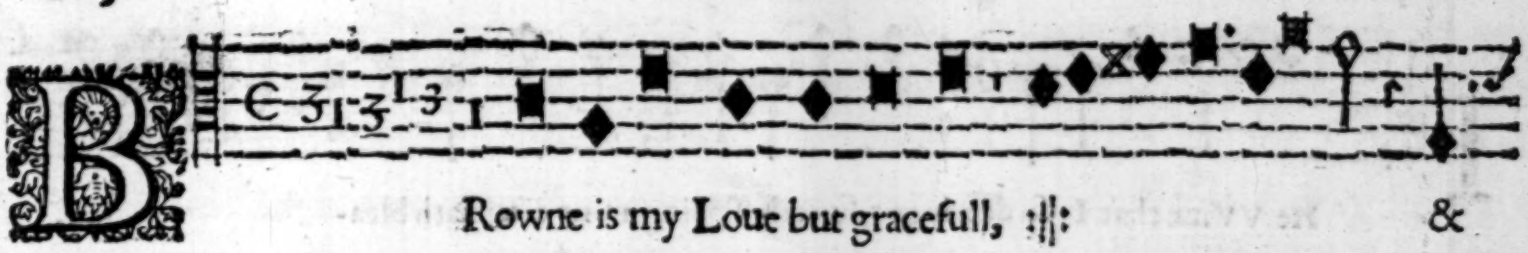
by harpes ſweet playing, & fell by ſoũd of warlike trũpet, of warlike trũ-

pet, of war- like trumpe confounded, ſo that diſpightful tongue with

rage enfla- med, :||: ſounding th'alarme, :||: ſounding th'a-

larme vnto my hart amazed, of that proud hope the which to fall was fra-

med, left not one rampire, to the ground vnra- zed.



Rowne is my Loue but gracefull, :||: &



each renowned whiteneſſe, :||: matcht with thy louely browne,



matcht with thy louely browne looſeth his brightneſſe. Faire is my loue, but-ſcornefull,



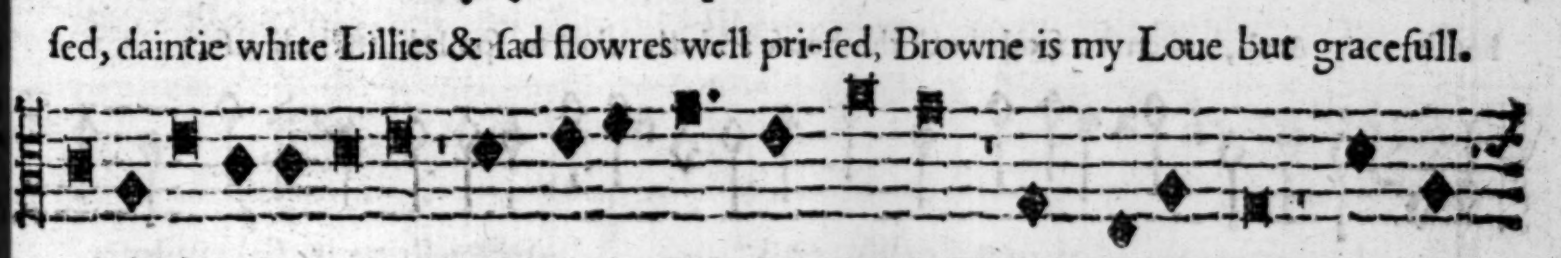
:||: faire is my Loue but ſcorne- ful, yet haue I ſeene diſ-



pi-ſed, daintie white Lillies and ſad flowres and ſad flowres well pri- ſed,

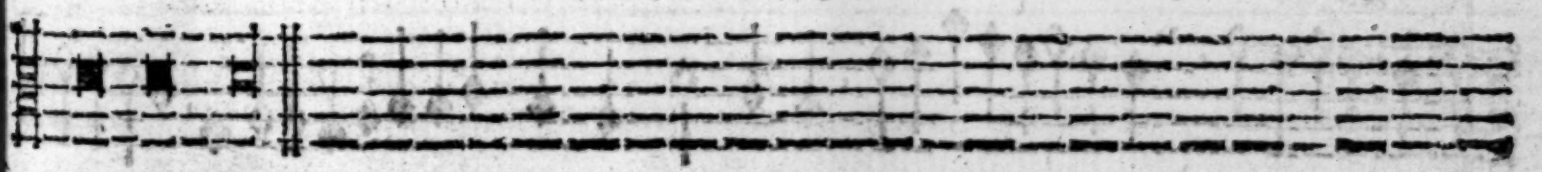


yet haue I ſeene (*oft*) daintye white Lillies and ſad flowres, yet haue I ſeene diſ- py-



ſed, daintie white Lillies & ſad flowres well pri-ſed, Browne is my Loue but gracefull.

Browne is my Loue but gracefull, Browne is my Loue, my Loue

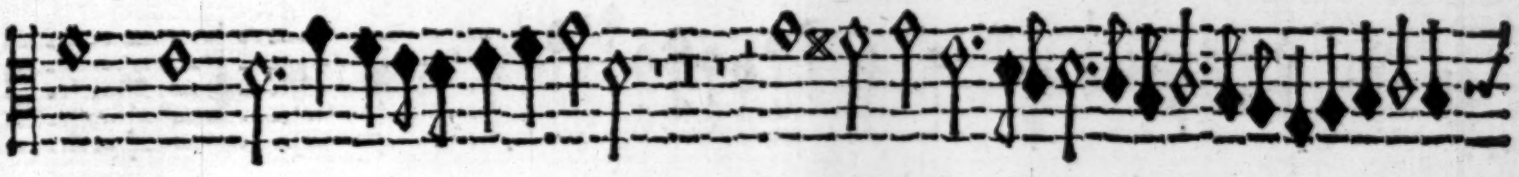


but gracefull.


THe VVine that I ſo deerly got, ſweetly ſipping, mine eies, hath blea- red,
the VVine that I ſo deerly got, ſweetly ſipping, mine eies hath bleared, and the more I am
bard the pot, & the more I am bard the pot, the more to drinck my thirſt is ſteared, the more to
drinck my thirſt is ſteared, but ſince therby my hart is chered, maugre ill luck & ſpiteſull ſtaunders,
mine eyes ſhall not be my commaunders, for I maintaine, and euer ſhall, ij.
better (were) better the windows bide the daungers, abide the dangers, thē to ſpoile both the
houſe & all, then to ſpoile both the houſe and all, then to ſpoile both the houſe
& all, better were better the windows bide the dāgers, abide the dāgers, then to ſpoile both the
houſe & all, then to &c. then to ſpoile both the houſe & all. both &c.



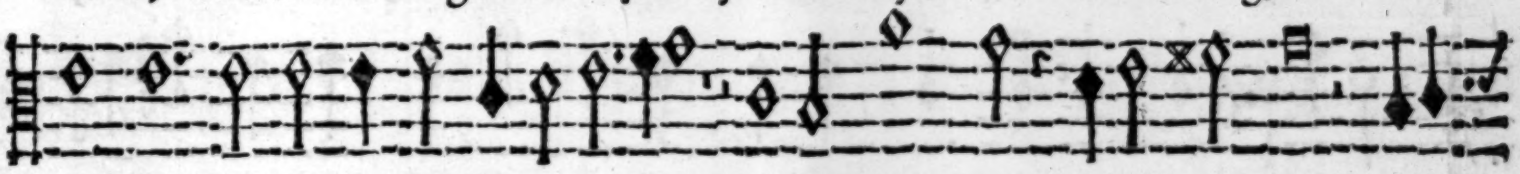
D O- lo-rous morneful cares, ruthles tormenting, ruthles tormienting, hate-



full guyues curſed bon- dage, ſharpeſt endu-



raunce, wherein both nights & dayes my hart my hart euer renting, wretch I



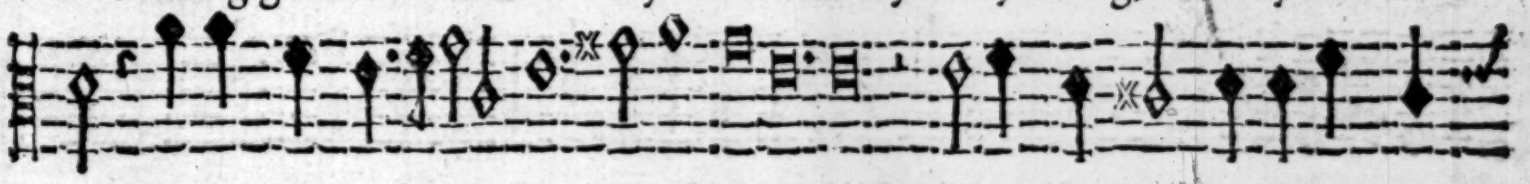
beewaile my loſt delight & pleaſaunce, woefull loud cryes, ſadde ſcriches, how-



ling lamenting, watry teares ſhed & euerlaſting grieuaunce, & e-



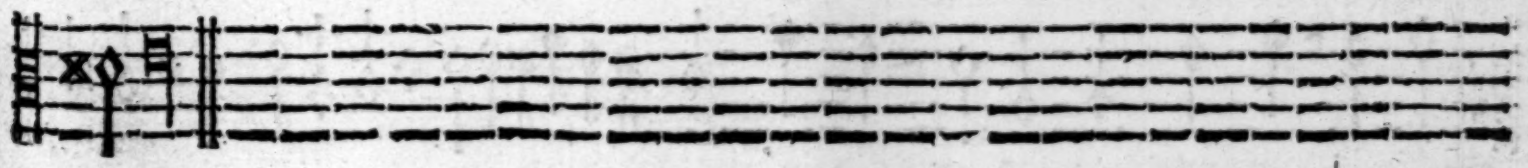
verlaſting grieuance theſe are my dainties & my daiely feding, & my liues com-



fort, & my liues com- fort, bit- ter gall exceeding, & my liues comfort, & my liues



comfort, bit- ter gall excee- ding, (*the*) bitter gall excee-



ding,



IN ſlowre of A- prill ſpringing, :‖: of Aprill



ſpringing, when pleaſant birdes to ſport them, when pleaſant birds to



ſport them, :‖: emong the woods conſort them,



conſort them, warbling with cheerefull notes, warbling with cheerefull notes,



warbling with cherefull notes, & ſweetly ſinging, & ſwetly



ſing- ing, for Ioy (*then*) for ioy Clore the faire hir ſong was chaũting, hir &c



of hir & hir Elpine, of hir & hir Elpine ỹ ſweet loues vaun-



tīg, of hir & hir Elpine, :‖: of hir & hir Elpine ỹ ſweet loues



vaũting, ỹ ſweet loues vaũting, the ſweet loues vaun- ting. :‖:



Ills & woods, craggy rocks, and ſhores & fountaines,

I ſeeke & ſearch if in ſome place retired, I ſeeke & ſearch,

if in ſome place retyred, if in ſome place retyred, I might aſſuage my bitter plaint,

my bitter plaint my playnt and groning, but now I ſee one onely vale, de- ſi-

red, one onely vale, ſerues to repoſe my rimes, my rimes & reſtles mo-

ning, that murmuring do go, that murmuring doe goe, that murmuring doe

go through fieldes & moũtaines, ỹ murmuring do go, that murmuring do

go, :||: that murmuring doe goe, through fieldes & mountaines.

L A- dy my flame ſtil bur- ning,& my cõſuming anguiſh,

doth grow ſo great,ỹ life I feele to lãguiſh,La- dy my flame ſtil burning,& my

cõſuming an- guiſh, doth grow ſo great,ỹ life I feele to lãguiſh,to

lãguiſh.Oh let your hart be moued, :||: to end my grief,to end my griefe &

yours ſo lõg time proued,and quẽch ỹ heat,ỹ my chief part ſo fireth, & quench &c.

ỹ my chiefe &c. reth,yeelding ỹ fruict ỹ faithful loue

requi-reth, & quẽch ỹ heat ỹ my chief part ſo fireth,ỹ my chief part ſo fi-

reth,yeelding the fruict that faithfull loue requi- reth,that faithfull loue re-

qui- reth, yeelding the fruict yeelding the fruict that faithful loue requi- reth.

SWeet Lord, your flame ſtil bur- ning, ſweet Lord &c. and

your cõſuming anguiſh, :||: & your cõſuming anguiſh, :||:

cannot be more thẽ mine, :||: cannot be more thẽ mine, in which

I languiſh. Nor more your heart is moued, to end my griefe and yours ſo long time

pro- ued, but if I yeeld, :||: but if I yeeld & ſo your

flame decreaſeth, Oh then looſe I my louer & your Loue ceaſeth, oh then looſe I my

louer and your loue ceaſeth, but if I yeeld, but if I yeeld & ſo your flame decrea-

ſeth, Oh then looſe I my Louer & your Loue ceaſeth, Oh then looſe I my Louer &

your Loue cea- ſeth, Oh then looſe I my Louer & your Loue cea- ſeth.



Weet ſparkle of Loues fire, :||:

if that thy

power bee ſuch, :||: that clad in Beauties rich attyre, :||:

a thouſand thouſand thouſand thouſand harts, with death & life ỹ touch,

with death and lyfe thou touch, What can bee ſaid but only this, what can

bee ſaide but on- ly this, thou mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy plea-

ſure is. What can bee ſaide but only this, thou mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy

pleaſure is.

Now ſprings each plant to heauen aloft aſpiring, to heauen a-loft aſpy-
ring, And in faire fields of Violets, and of ſweet Roſes, & of ſweet
Roſes, and of ſweet Ro- ſes, Chearfully ſport thē, :||: chearfully
ſport them, ſport them, wanton Loues with gladneſſe, After ſo long diſtreſſe, after
ſo long diſtreſſe great griefe & ſad. neſſe, doth make mee bleſſed, doth
make me bleſ- ſed, :||: doth make mee bleſt aboue all harts de-
ſi- ring. doth make mee bleſſed, doth make me bleſ- ſed, :||:
doth make mee bleſt aboue all harts deſi- ring.



Sweet eyes; ad-miring you I am left hart- les, admiring you I am left hartles, sweet



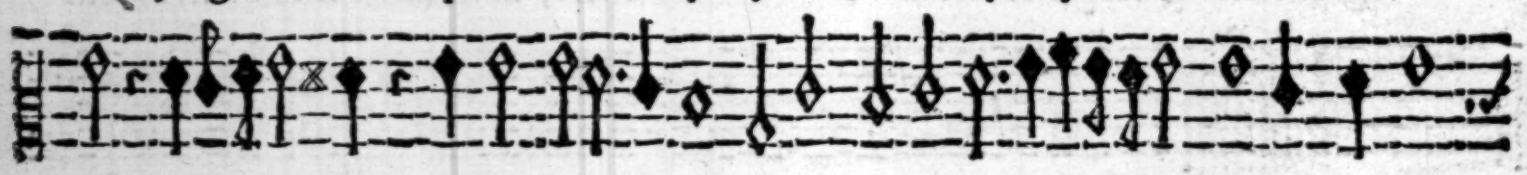
eyes admiring you I am left hartles, :||: you I am left hartles



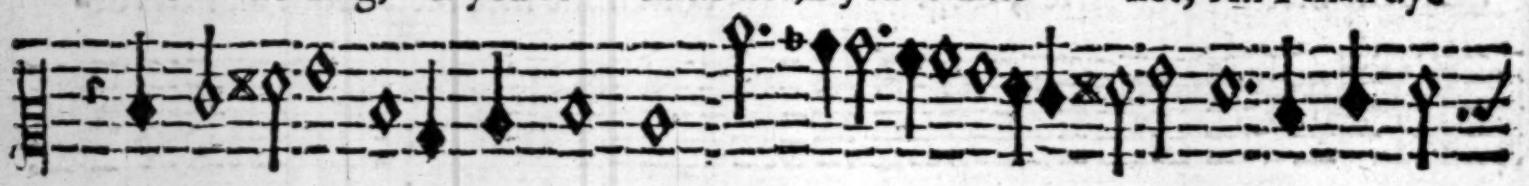
for when you doe leaue mee, :||: you doe leaue mee, of my



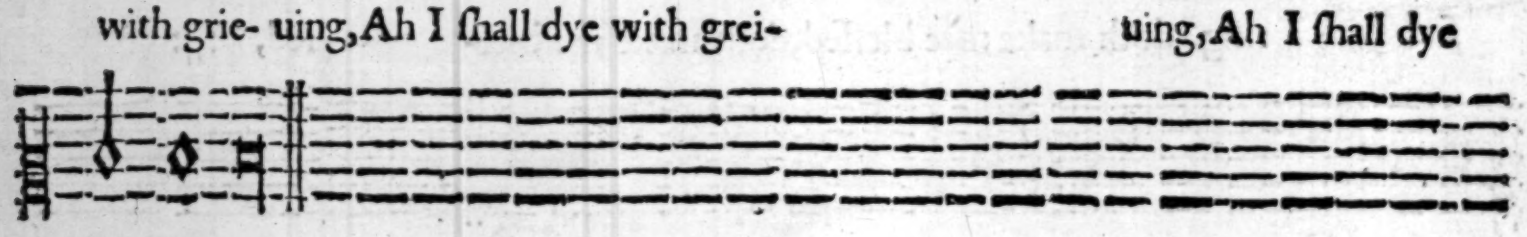
hart you bereaue bereaue me, of my hart you bereaue mee, Ah let not for pit- ty, pittie



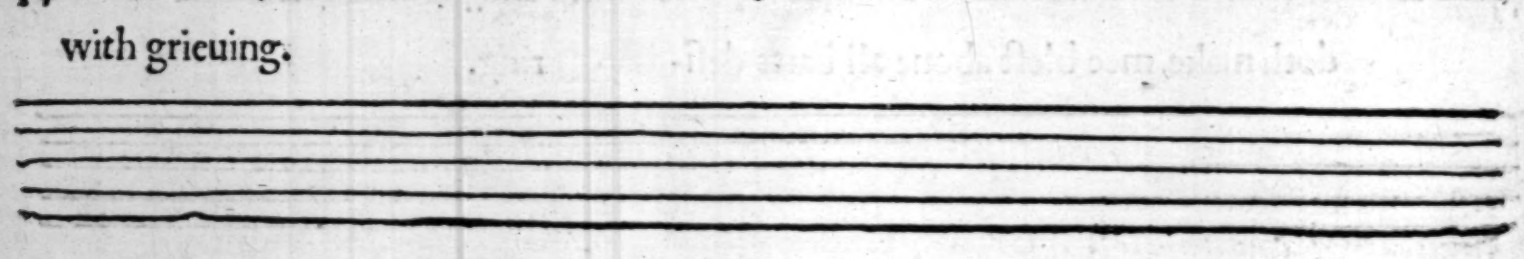
my griefe moſt haples, vntimely ſlay mee, vntimely ſlay mee, left ſole with



out re- lie-uing, if you re- turne not, if you returne not, Ah I ſhall dye



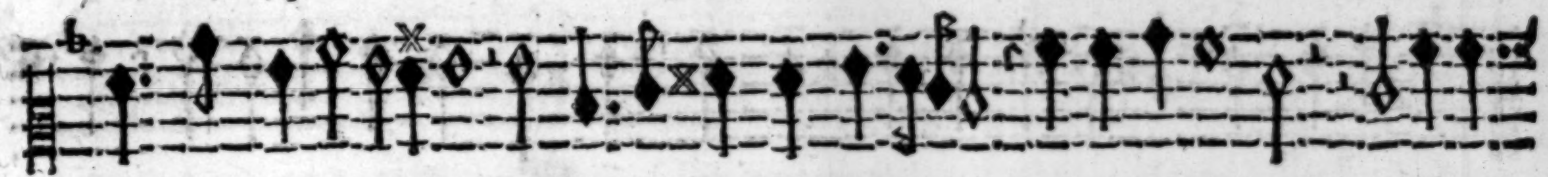
with grie- uing, Ah I ſhall dye with grei- uing, Ah I ſhall dye



with grieuing.



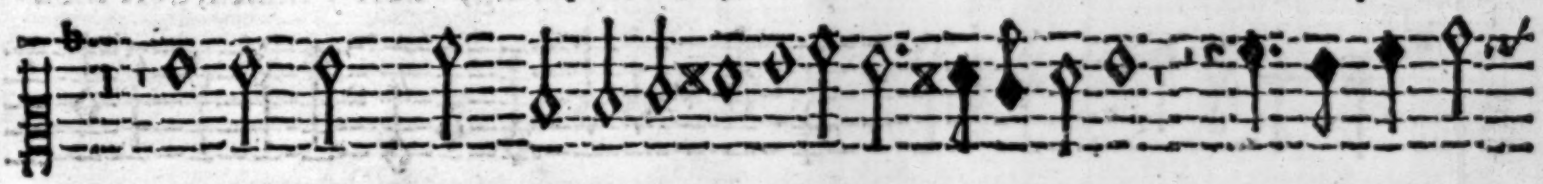
L Oue quēch this heat cōſuming, to much in one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, Loue



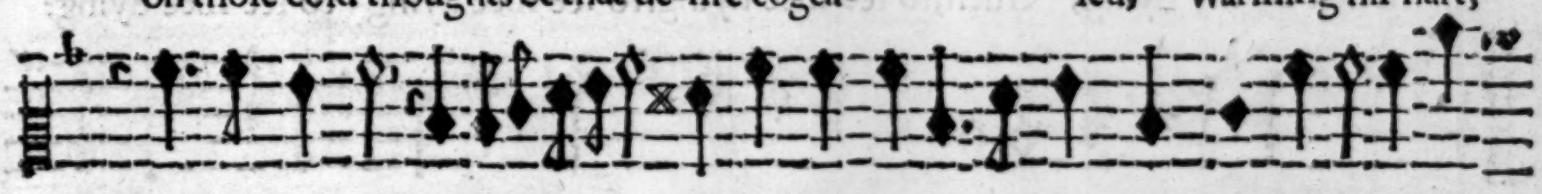
quēch this heat cōſuming, to much in one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, thy &c.



Caſt but a flame leaſt painful, :||: caſt but a flame leaſt painfull,



on thoſe cold thoughts & that de-ſire cōgea- led, warming hir hart,



warming hir hart diſdain- full, that feeling neuer found thy force reuealed, y



feeling neuer found thy force reuealed, for neuer well remayned, a hart



of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow cōtained, a hart of Iſe in breſt of ſnow contay-ned, for



neuer well remained, a hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow contaynned, a



hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow contay-ned.


Ru- ell, cru- ell, why doſt thou flye mee, why doſt ỹ flye mee, that
ſo my death ſo great cõtent may winne thee, Thou haſt my hart within thee, thou
haſt my hart within thee, doſt ỹ thinck by thy flying, doſt ỹ thinck, doſt thou
thinck by thy flying, cruell, to ſee mee dying? to ſee mee dying? to ſee mee dying?
Oh, none alyue can die, oh none alyue can dye, hurtleſſe vngrie- ued,
and griefe can no man feele, of hart depriued, of hart de-pri- ued. Oh,
oh, none aliue can die, none aliue can dye, hurtleſſe vngrieued, hurtleſſe vn-
grie- ued, & griefe can no man feele, of hart depriued, of hart
de-pri- ued.



O Gratious & worthieſt of each creature, and worthieſt of each crea-



ture,ô gra-ti- ous & worthieſt of ech creature,worthieſt of each crea- ture,know



you for why the fates, the ſtars & heauen, :||: this



worthy name of gratious, this worthie name of gra-ti-ous, :||: haue



giuen to you ſo rare a fea- ture, :||: becauſe within your



gratious face is dwel- ling, :||: ech louely grace,and



fauour moſt excelling,each louely grace & fauour moſt excelling, then if,then if



you are ſo gratious faire as may bee, ſhew fruicts of garce and doe not ſlay mee,



doe not ſlay mee, ſhew fruicts of grace,& doe not ſlay mee,doe not ſlay mee.

S Hall I liue ſo farre diſtant from thee my ſtar, my onely good & ſweeteſt

pleaſure, to feele paynes without mea- ſure, Ah ah ſuffer not each houre t'in-

creaſe my ſighing, ſee now my ſoule is fly- ing, ſee now my ſoule is flying,

and if through griefe of force it muſt con- ſume, pining dye, within thy

milkwhite bo-ſome, ſee now my ſoule is fly- ing, ſee now my ſoule is flying,

& if through grief of force it muſt con-ſume, pining die, within thy milkwhite

boſome, :||: within thy milkwhite bo- ſome.



SHO ſaith my faire & beautifull Li- co-ris, when now & then ſhee talketh,



when now & then ſhee talketh, with mee of Loue, Loue is a ſpirit that walketh, a



ſprite that walketh, that fores & fly- eth, and none aliue can hold him, nor



touch him,nor behold him, yet whē hir eies ſhe turneth,I ſpy wher he ſoiorneth,in hir



eies ther he flyes,but none can touch him, yet when hir eyes ſhee turneth,I ſpie wher



he ſoiorneth,in hir eyes,ther hee flyes,but none can catch him,till from hir lips he fetch



him, In hir eyes ther he flyes,but none can catch him, till from hir lippes he fetch



him,till from hir lippes he fetch him.



Or griefe I die enraged, for griefe I dye enraged, now

wretch I feele my ſelf, now wretch I feele my ſelf by ſnares en-

gaged, for while to much I ioy- ed, for while to much I ioyed, new and more

painefull bandes, fierce loue employ- ed, fierce loue employ- ed, who

helpeth? oh who me lamenteth? oh who me lamenteth? oh who me lamenteth? who

me lamenteth, that wilfullie my death by loue preuen- teth, that wil-fullie my

death by loue preuen- teth.



Ainty white Pearle,& you & you freſh ſmy-

ling Ro-ſes,Daintie white Pearle & you freſh ſmy-

ling,& you freſh ſmy- ling Roſes, The Nectar ſweet diſtilling, Oh

why are you vnwil-ling, :||: Of my ſighs inly firing?Ah yet my ſoule hir

ſelfe in them diſcloſes,Some re-liefe thence de-ſiring.Ah yet my ſoule Some re-liefe

thence deſiring. Some reliefe, :||: :||: :||: :||: thence deſi-ring.



HArd by a Cri- ſtal foũtaine, O-*RIANA* ỹ bright, :||: lay



doune a ſlee- ping, The birds they finely chirped, ỹ birds they finely chirp'd, ỹ winds were



ſtilled, Sweetly with theſe, ſweetly with theſe accẽtings, :||: th'aër was filled,



This is ỹ faire whoſe head a croune deſerueth, Which heau'n for hir, which heau'n for



hir reſer- ueth, reſer-ueth, Leaue ſheppards your Lambs-keeping, Vpon ỹ barren mouñ-



taines, And Nimphs attend on hir & leaue your bowers, Then ſang the ſheppards



& Nimphs of Di-ana, Nimphs of Di-a- na, Long liue faire *ORIANA*, faire *ORI-*



ANA, Long liue faire *ORIA-* *NA*, Long liue faire *ORIA-*



NA, faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORI-A-* *NA.*

FINIS.

3

TENOR.

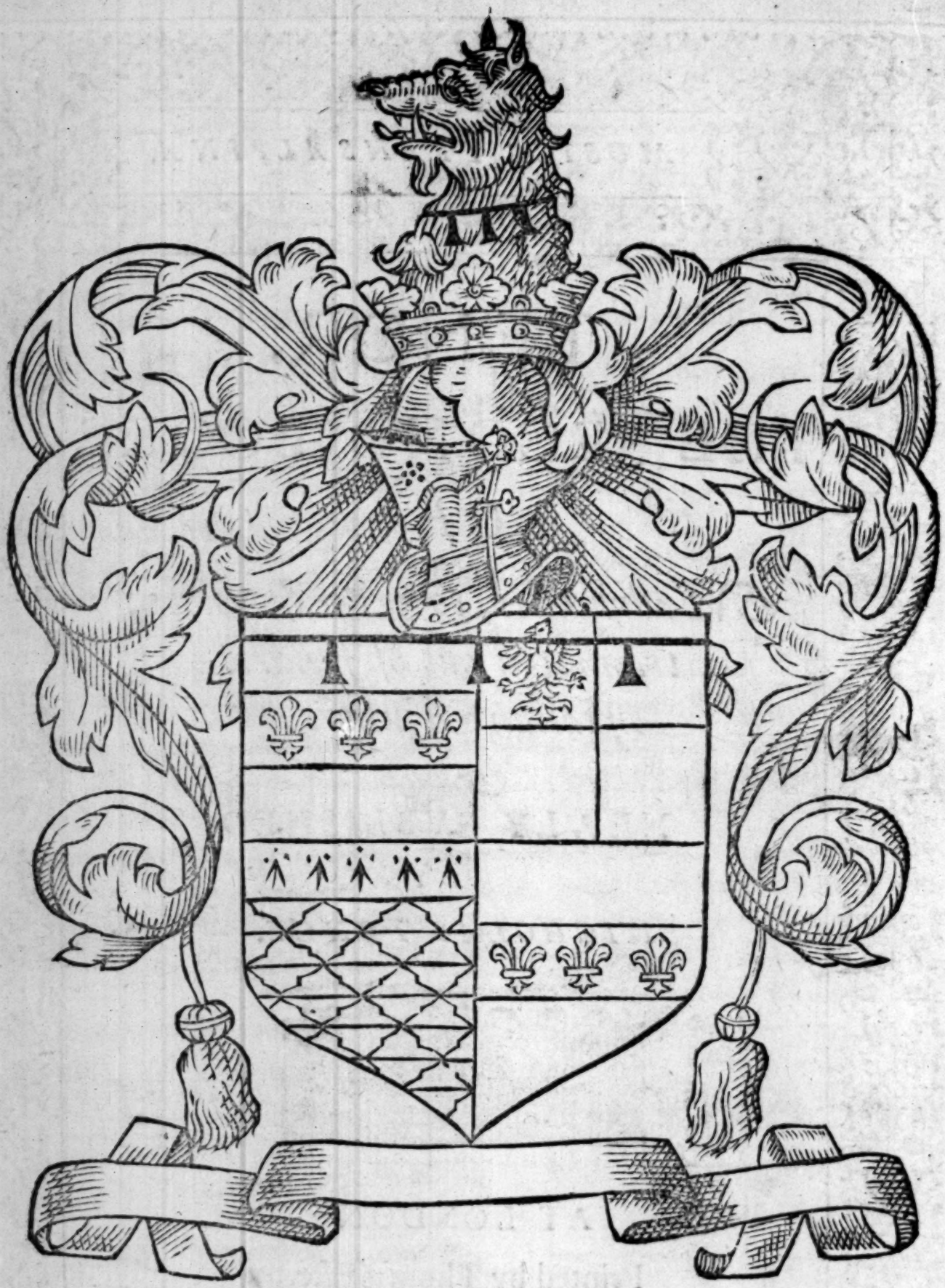
THE SECOND BOOKE

OF

Madrigalles, to 5. & 6. voices:
tranſlated out of ſundrie
Italian Authors
&
NEWLY PVBLISHED
BY
NICHOLAS YONGE.



AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte.
1597.



To the Right Worſhipfull & True louer of Muſicke,

Syr Henry Lennard

KNIGHT.

NO one ſcience draweth neerer to the eſſence of God, then this of Muſicke. (For as God is altogether vnitie: So is Muſicke proportionably an harmoniacall vnitie.) No man fauours men of that qualitie beyond your ſelfe. To no man am I more deepely beholding then to your good ſelfe. Lo then; In all theſe reſpects, and without all further ceremony, I heere preſent to your good iudgement this ſecond Booke of MVSICA TRANSALPINA. Which (as well vpon the gracious acceptance of my firſt one,) As alſo the encouragement of ſundry ciuill Gentlemen, and Marchants of good ſorte) I haue carefully culled out of the Compoſitions of the beſt Authors in Italy. Perhaps they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as they ſing Italian. And (alas) how colde they, beeing as yet but late ſoiourners in England? Howbeeit I humbly deſire, your ſelfe principally, and in your name all others for whoſe delight they were intended, to ſupply their defects with friendly interpretation. And ſo, humblie bowing my ſelfe, I reſt.

At your deuotion

wholly and euer

Nicolas Yonge.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in theſe bookes, with the names of their ſeuerall Authors and Originalls.

Of 5.

THE white delightfull Swanne.	I	Horatio Vecchi
Zephirus brings the time.	II	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
So farre deere life.	III	Giulio Eremita.
Cinthia thy ſong & chaunting.	IIII	Giouanni Croce.
Fly if thou wilt bee flying.	V	Giulio Eremita.
At ſound of hir ſweet voyce.	VI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Browne is my Loue but gracefull.	VII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
The Wine that I ſo deerely got.	VIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Dolorous mournefull cares.	IX	Luca Marenzio.
In flowre of Aprills ſpringing.	X	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Hills and woods, craggs and rocks.	XI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Lady my flame. The firſt part.	XII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet Lord. The ſecond part.	XIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet ſparkle of Loues fire,	XIIII	Gio: Maria Nanino.
Now ſprings each plant to heauen.	XV	Lucretio Quintiani.
Sweet eyes admiring.	XVI	Ste. Venturi.

Of 6.

Loue quench this heat conſuming.	XVII	Benedetto Palauacino.
Cruell, why doſt thou flye mee.	XVIII	Benedetto Palauacino.
O gratious and worthieſt.	XIX	Giouanni Croce.
Shall I liue ſo far diſtant from thee.	XX	Luca Marenzio.
So ſayth my faire and beautifull.	XXI	Luca Marenzio.
For griefe I dye enraged.	XXII	Andrea Feliciane.
Daintie white Pearle.	XXIII	Antonio Bicci.
Hard by a Chriſtall fountaine.	XXIIII	Giouanni Croce.

FINIS.

THe white delightful Swanne ſweet ſinging dyeth, ſweet

ſing- ing, ſweet ſing- ing, ſweet ſinging dy-

eth, and I lamenting, feele both ſence & life relen- ting, ſtrange & vnlike

proceeding, & I I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed,

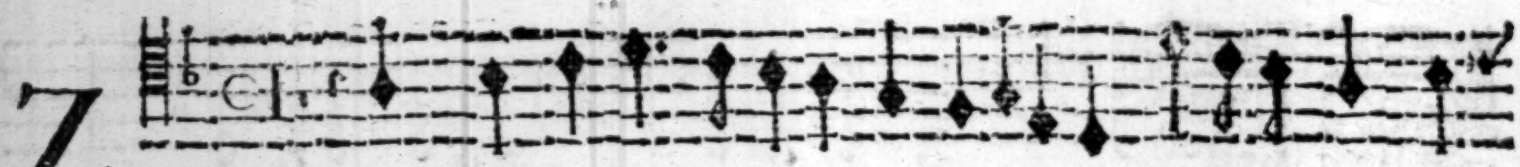
Death which in all thy wronging, filſt mee with gladneſſe, & with ſweet loue long-

ing, filſt mee with gladneſſe, and with ſweet loue long-ing, if in thy pangs no

greater griefe doe eaſe mee, a thouſand deaths a day, ſhould not diſpleaſe mee. a

thouſand deaths a day, a thouſand deaths a day, :‖: ſhould not diſpleaſe

mee.



Zephirus: With flowres & hearbs & winters froſt exi- leth, Zephirus brings the



time ỹ ſweetly ſen- teth, with flowres & hearbes, with flowres & hearbs and win-



ters froſt exi-leth, Progne now chirpeth, Progne now chirps, & Phi- lomele la-



men- teth, Flora the garlands white & red compileth, white &



red compileth, Fields dooe reioyce the frow- ning skye relenteth, the frowning



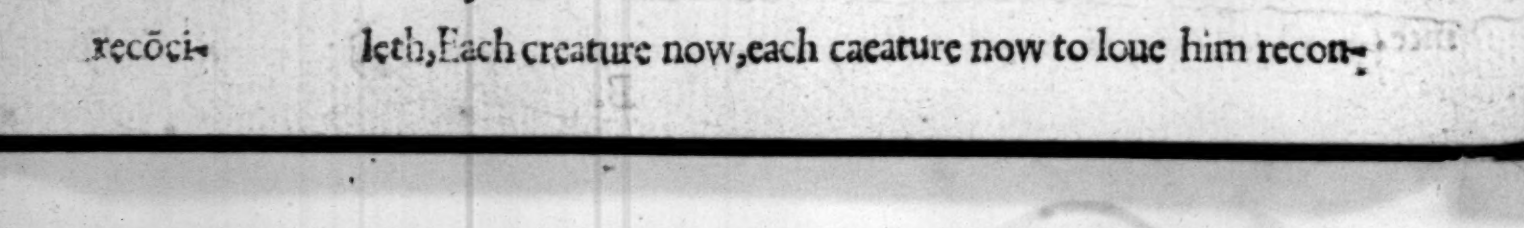
skye relenteth, Ioue to behold his deereſt daughter ſmileth, Ioue to behold



his deereſt daughter ſmileth, th'aire the water the earth to ioy cõſenteth, to



ioy cõſenteth, Each creature now to loue him reconcyleth, each creature now to loue him



reco̅ci- leth, Each creature now, each caeature now to loue him recon-



O farre, deere life, from thy bright beames abſented,

in griefe I liue, in griefe I liue tormented, but no diſgrace of

for- tune, or ſtarre moſt hate- full, can blot out of my breſt thy name ſo

grateful, thy name ſo grateful, for in my hart is kerued thy liuely ſhape & therby

loue reſer- ued, ſtill do I ſee th'and ſtil attend the morning, atted the mor-

ning, to ſee the ſunne, to ſee the ſunne our hemiſphere adorning, Oh if that blisful

howre, oh may once releiue mee, kill mee foorthwith good Loue, good loue, if

ſhall not grieue mee.

cyleth, him reconcileth.



Inthia thy ſong & chaũting, ſo ſtrãg a flame in gentle harts awa- keth, Cinthia thy ſong & chaũting, ſo ſtrang a flame in gentle harts in gentle harts awaketh, that euery cold deſire wanton Loue ma- keth, wanton loue maketh, ſoũds to thy praiſe & vaunting, ſounds to thy praiſe & vaũting, to thy &c. to thy praiſe & vaũting, of Sirens moſt cõmended, of Sirens moſt commended, cõmended, that with delightfull tunes for praiſe contended, for when thou ſweetly ſoundeſt, thou ſoundeſt, thou neither kilſt, thou neither kilſt nor woundeſt, but dooſt reuiue a nomber of bodyes buryed in perpetuall ſlomber. in perpetuall ſlomber, in perpetuall ſlom- ber.



Ly if thou wilt be fly- ing,

foe to my hart, :‖: moſt wrathfull, which

more & more grows faithfull, deſire purſues thee crying, :‖:

and of my dy-ing, :‖: to tell thee of his tor- ment,and of my dying,But

if my harts deſire be not, :‖: with griefe cõfounded, I hope by

loue to ſee thee caught or wounded, :‖: thee caught or woũ-

ded.but if my harts deſire be not, :‖: with griefe cõfounded,

I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or wounded, :‖: thee

caught or wounded.

A T ſound of hir ſweet voice & words betraying, at ſoũd of

hir ſweet voice & words betraying, my hope auanced, but

as braue The-bes was built, but as braue Thebes was built, by harpes ſweet playing,

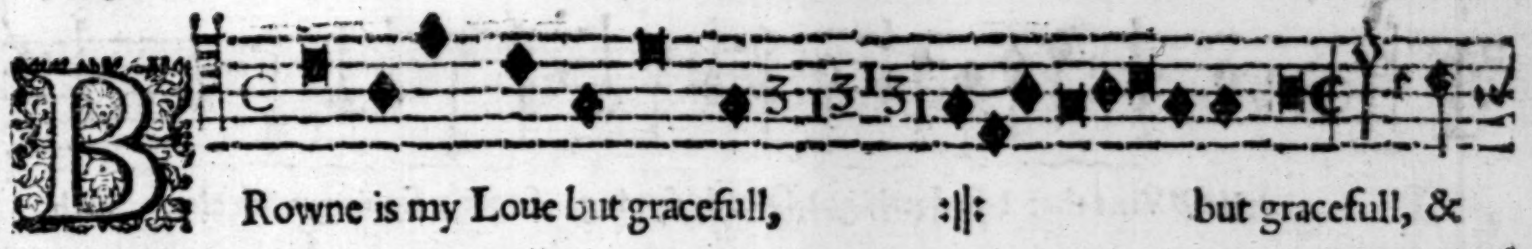
by harps ſweet playing, & fell by ſoũd of warlike trũpet, of warlike trũp cõfoun-

ded, of warlike trũp confounded, ſo that diſpightful toũg with rage enflamed, ſoũd-

ing th'alarme, :‖: ſounding th'alarme vnto my hart ama- zed, of ỹ proud hope

the which to fall was framed, left not one rampire, left not one rampire to the

ground vnrazed.



Rowne is my Loue but gracefull, :||: but gracefull, &



each renowned whiteneſſe, :||: and each renowned whiteneſſe,



matcht with thy louely browne looſeth his brightneſſe, his brightneſſe. Faire is my



Loue but ſcorneſull, faire is my Loue, but ſcorneſull, :||: yet haue I



ſeene diſ-piſed, daintie white Lillies and ſad flowres well priſed, yet haue I ſeene diſ-py-



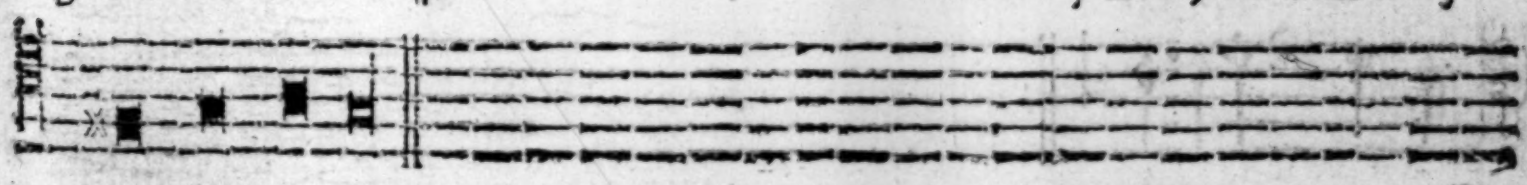
ſed, daintie white Lillies & ſad flowres well priſed, daintie white



Lillies, white dainty Lillies & ſad flowres well priſed, Browne is my Loue but



graceſull. :||: Browne is my Loue, browne is my



Loue but graceſull.

THe VVine that I ſo deerly got, ſweetly ſipping, ſweetly ſipping mine eies, hath

bleared, and the more I am bard the pot, and the more I am bard the pot, the more to drinck

my thirſt is ſteared, the more to drinck my thirſt is ſteared, maugre ill luck & ſpiteſull ſlaun-

ders, mine eyes ſhall not be my commaun-ders, for I maintaine, and euer ſhall, better

(were) better (were) the windowes bide the daungers, then to ſpoile both the houſe

and all, then to ſpoile both the houſe and all, both the houſe and all, better

the windowes bide the daun- gers, better (were) the windowes bide the dan- gers,

then to ſpoile both the houſe and all, then to ſpoile both the houſe & all, then to ſpoile

both the houſe & all.



O- lorous mournefull cares, ruthles, tormenting, hatefull

(*hard*) guyues, curſed bon- dage, wher in both nights and

dayes my hart, my hart, euer renting, wretch I bewayle my loſt delightful plea-

ſaunce, ſad ſcri- ches, how- ling, lamen- ting,

watry teares, watry teares ſhedding, & e- uerlaſting grei- uance, & my liues

comfort, & my liues comfort, (*the*) bitter gall exce- ding, & my liues com-

fort, (*the*) bitter gall exce- ding, (*the*) bit- ter gall ex- ceeding.

IN flowre of A- prills ſpring-ing, of A- prills ſprīging,

of A- prills, In flowre of A- prills, of Aprills ſprīg, whē plea- ſant

birds to ſport thē, when &c- whē pleaſant birds to ſport thē, :||:

when &c. emong ỹ woods cōſort thē, war-

bling with chearful notes, with chearful notes, warbling with chearful notes,

warbling &c. & ſweetly ſinging, for ioy (*then*) :||: for ioy Clori ỹ faire, for ioy

(*then*) for ioy Clori ỹ faire hir ſong was chaūting, of hir & hir Elpine, of hir &c.

of hir &c. the ſweet loues vaun- ting, of hir & hir Elpine, :||:

the ſweet loues vaun- ting, the ſweet loues vaūting, the ſweet loues vaūting.



Ills &c. If in ſome place retired, I ſeeke & ſearch, if in ſome

place retyred, if in ſome place retyred, I might aſſuage

my bitter plaint, my bitter plaint and gro- ning, & gro- ning, but now I ſee,

but now I ſee, one onely vale, one onely vale deſi- red, one onely vale deſi-

red, ſerues to repoſe my rimes & reſt- les mo- ning, that murmuring do

go, that murmuring do go, that murmuring do go through fieldes, through

fieldes and mountaines, that murmuring doe go, that murmuring do go, that

murmuring doe goe, through fieldes through fieldes & mountaines.

L A- dy, Lady, :‖: my flame ſtill burning, &

my cõſuming anguiſh, doth grow ſo great, ỹ life I feele to languiſh, doth grow ſo great,

that life I feele to lan- guiſh, I feele to languiſh. Oh let your hart be moued,

:‖: to end my grief & yours ſo long time pro-

ued, & quẽch ỹ heat, ỹ my chief part ſo fireth, & quẽch &c.

ſo fireth, & quẽch ỹ heat, ỹ my chief part ſo fireth, & quẽch &c. ſo

fireth, & quench &c. yeelding the fruict that faithfull

loue requi- reth, yeelding the fruict, yeelding the fruict that faithfull

Loue requireth, yeelding the fruict that faithfull Loue requireth.



SWeet Lord, ſweet Lord your flame ſtill bur-ning, ſweet Lord your flame ſtill



bur- ning, and your conſuming anguiſh, & your &c. cannot bee



more thē mine, :||: in which I languiſh. I languiſh, in which



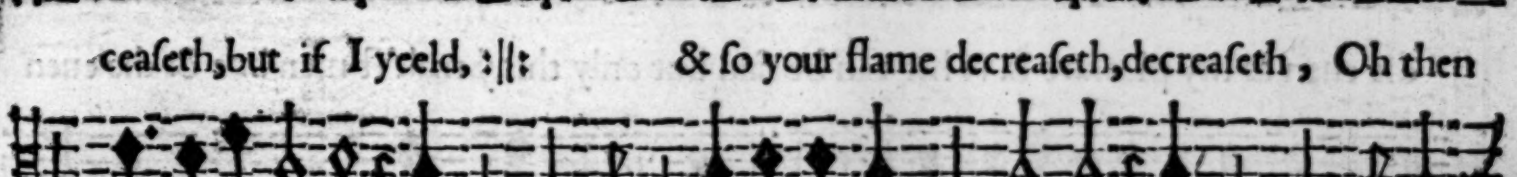
I languiſh. Nor more your heart is mo- ued, to end my grief &



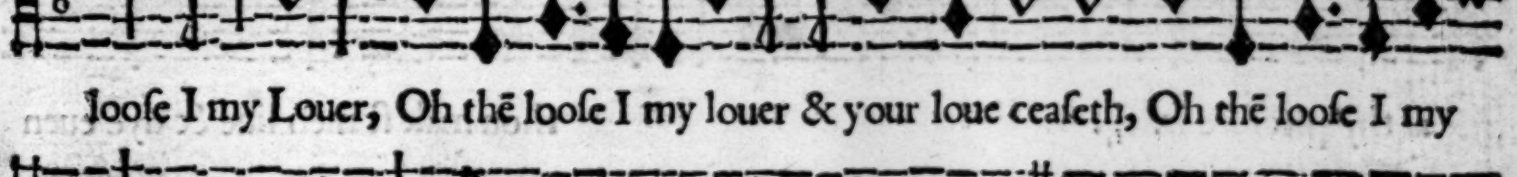
yours ſo long time pro- ued, but if I yeeld, & ſo your flame decreaſeth,



decreaſeth, Oh thē looſe I my lo- uer, oh then looſe I my louer & your loue



ceaſeth, but if I yeeld, :||: & ſo your flame decreaſeth, decreaſeth, Oh then



looſe I my Louer, Oh thē looſe I my louer & your loue ceaſeth, Oh thē looſe I my



Louer, oh then looſe I my Louer, & your Loue ceaſeth.



Weet ſparkle of Loues fire, :||:

if that thy

power bee ſuch, :||: that clad in Beauties rich attyre, :||:

a thouſand thouſand harts, :||: with death & life thou

touch, What can bee ſaid but only this, :||: thou mak'ſt men liue and

die euen as thy pleaſure is. :||: thou mak'ſt men liue and

die euen as thy pleaſure is. What can be ſaid but only this, ỹ mak'ſt men liue & die euen

as thy pleaſure is. :||: thou mak'ſt men liue & dye euen

as thy pleaſure is.



NOw ſprings each plant to heauen aloft aſpiring, and in faire fields of Vio-



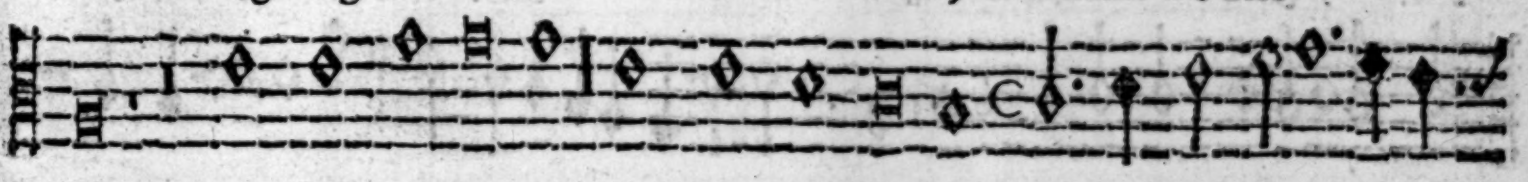
lets, and of ſweet Ro- ſes, and of ſweet Ro- ſes, chearful-



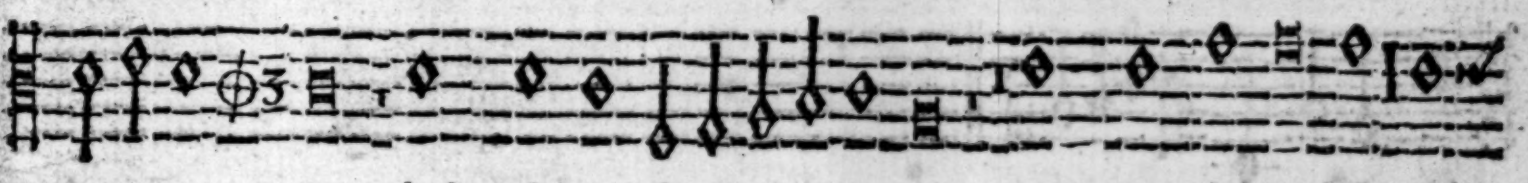
ly ſport them, chearefully ſport them, :||: wanton Loues with glad- neſſe,



ſince ſhee whoſe ſacred breſt my life incloſes, After ſo long diſtreſſe great griefe and



ſad- neſſe, great griefe & ſad- neſſe, doth make me bleſ-



ſed, doth make mee bleſſed, doth make mee bleſt, a- boue all harts de-ſi-



ring, doth make mee bleſ- ſed, doth make mee bleſſed, doth



make mee bleſt a- boue all harts de-ſi- ring.



Weet eyes: ad-miring you I am left hart- les, :||:

ſweet eyes admiring you I am left hart- les, :||:

you I am left hartles, for when you do leaue me, of my hart you be-

reaue mee, of my hart you bereaue mee, :||: Ah let not for

pitty, my griefe moſt haples, :||: vntimely ſlay mee, Ah I ſhall dye

with grie- uing, if you re- turne not, if you re- turne not, Ah I ſhall

dye, I dye with grie- uing.



Loue quench this heat conſuming, Loue quench this heat conſuming, to



much in one ſole hart, to much in one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, Caſt but a



flame leaſt painfull, caſt but a flame leaſt painfull, on thoſe (*hir*) cold thoughts



& that deſire cõgealed, Warming hir hart, warming hir hart diſdainfull, that



feeling neuer found thy force reuealed, for neuer wel remained, A hart of



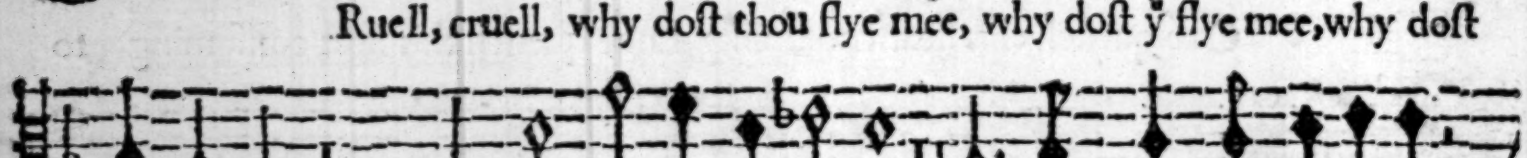
Iſe, in breſt of ſnow contayned. in breſt of ſnow cõtained, for neuer well re-



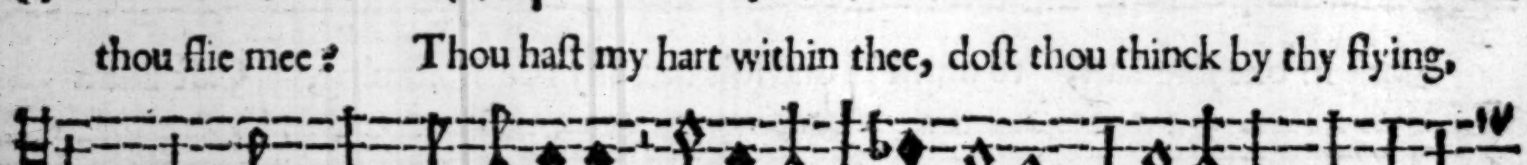
mained, a hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow cõtained, in breſt of ſnow contained.



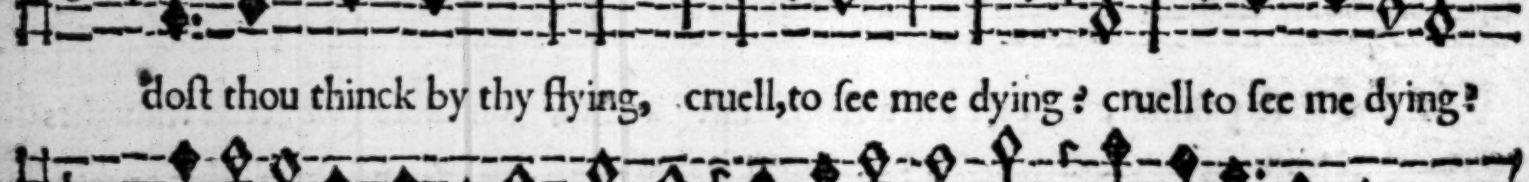
Cruell, cruell, why doſt thou flye mee, why doſt ỹ flye mee, why doſt



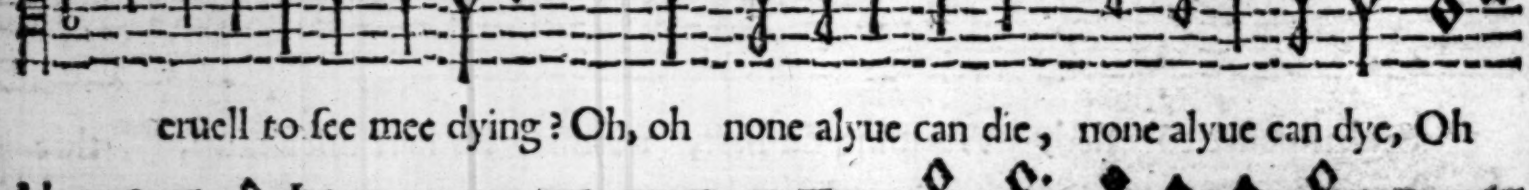
thou flie mee? Thou haſt my hart within thee, doſt thou thinck by thy flying,



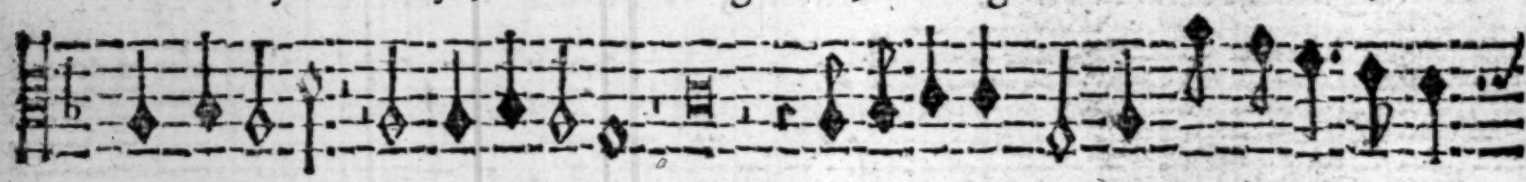
doſt thou thinck by thy flying, cruell, to ſee mee dying? cruell to ſee me dying?



cruell to ſee mee dying? Oh, oh none alyue can die, none alyue can dye, Oh



none alyue can dye, hurtleſſe vngrieued, and griefe can no man feele, of



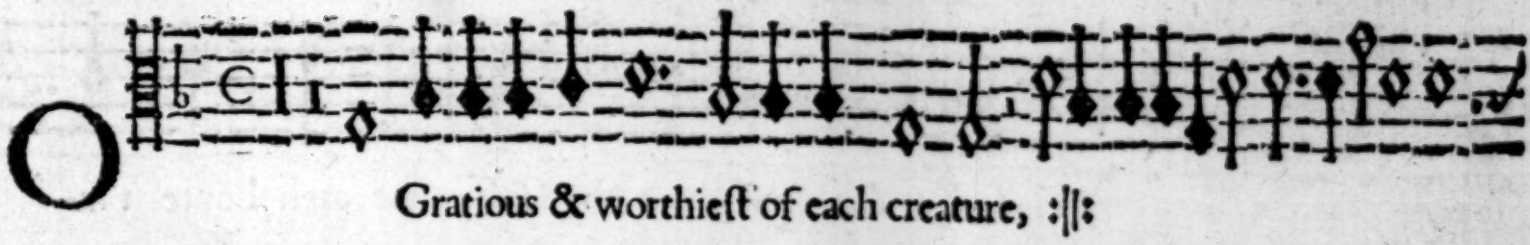
hart depriued, of hart depriued. Oh, none aliue can dye, oh, none aliue can die,



hurtleſſe vngrieued, hurtleſſe vngrieued, & griefe can no man feele, of hart depriued,



of hart depriued, of hart depriued.



O Gratious & worthieſt of each creature, :||:



know you for why the fates, :||: the ſtars & heauen, the ſtarres and



he uen, that worthie name of gra-tious haue giuen, :||:



to you ſo rare a feature, :||: rare a feature, bee-



cauſe with in your gratious face is dwelling, ech louely grace and fauour, loue-



ly grace and fauour moſt excelling, then if, then if, then if you are ſo gratious



faire as may bee, ſhew fruicts of grace, & doe not ſlay mee, :||:



ſhew fruicts of grace and doe not ſlay mee, and doe not ſlay mee.



Hall I : Ah ſuffer not, ah ſuffer not each houre t'in-

creaſe my ſighing, my ſighing, ſee now my ſoule is flying,

ſee now my ſoule is flying, & if through griefe, through griefe of force it muſt con-

ſume, yet let it pining dye, within thy milkwhite bo- ſome, ſee now my

ſoule is flying, :||: & if through griefe of force it muſt conſume,

muſt con- ſume, yet let it pining pi- ning die, within thy milkwhite boſome, :||:

within thy milkwhite boſome, thy milkewhite boſome.



O ſaith my faire & beautifull Li-co-ris, when now and

then ſhee talketh, with mee of Loue, Loue is a ſprit that

walketh, :||: that ſores & flyes & none aliue can hold him,

nor touch him,nor behold him,yet when hir eyes ſhee tur- neth,I

ſpie wher he ſoiorneth, Till frō hir lippes he fetch him. yet whē hir eyes ſhee

tur- neth,I ſpie wher he ſoiorneth, till frō hir lippes he fetch him.

In hir eyes ther he flies, :||: but none can catch him,till from hir

lippes hee fetch him,till from hir lippes hee fetch him.

Or grief I die enraged, for griefe I dye enra- ged, now

wretch I feele my selfe by snares engaged, for while to

much I ioy- ed, for while to much I ioy- ed, to much I ioy- ed,

new and more painefull bandes fierce loue employed, who hel- peth?

oh who me lamenteth? oh who me lamenteth? oh who me lamenteth? that wilfullie my

death, that wilfullie my death by loue preuenteth, that wilfullie my death by loue

preuen- teth, by loue preuen- teth.



Ainty white white Pearle, & you freſh ſmyling

Ro-ſes, The Nectar ſweet diſtilling, Oh why are you vnwil-

ling, Oh why are you vnwil- ling, Ah Ah yet my ſoule hir ſelf in them diſ-

cloſes, Some reliefe, :||: :||: thence deſi- ring. Some reliefe, :||:

:||: :||: :||: thence de-ſiring.

HArd by a Chriſtal foũtaine, *O-RIANA* ỳ bright, lay doune a ſleeping, The

birds they finely chirped, The birds they finely chirp'd, the winds were ſtilled, ſweetly with

theſe accentings, :||: the aër was filled, Which heau'n for hir reſer-

ueth, :||: Leaue ſheppards your Lambs-keeping, :||:

Vpon the barren moũtaine, And Nimphs attend on hir & leaue your bowërs,

Then ſang the ſheppards & Nimphs of Di-a- na, Nimphs of Di-a-na, Long liue faire

ORIANA, faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORI-*

A- *NA*, :||: faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORI-*

ANA.

FINIS.

MUSICA TRANSALPINA.

4

QVINTVS.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Madrigalles, to 5. & 6. voices: translated out of sundrie Italian Authors

&

NEWLY PVBLISHED,

BY

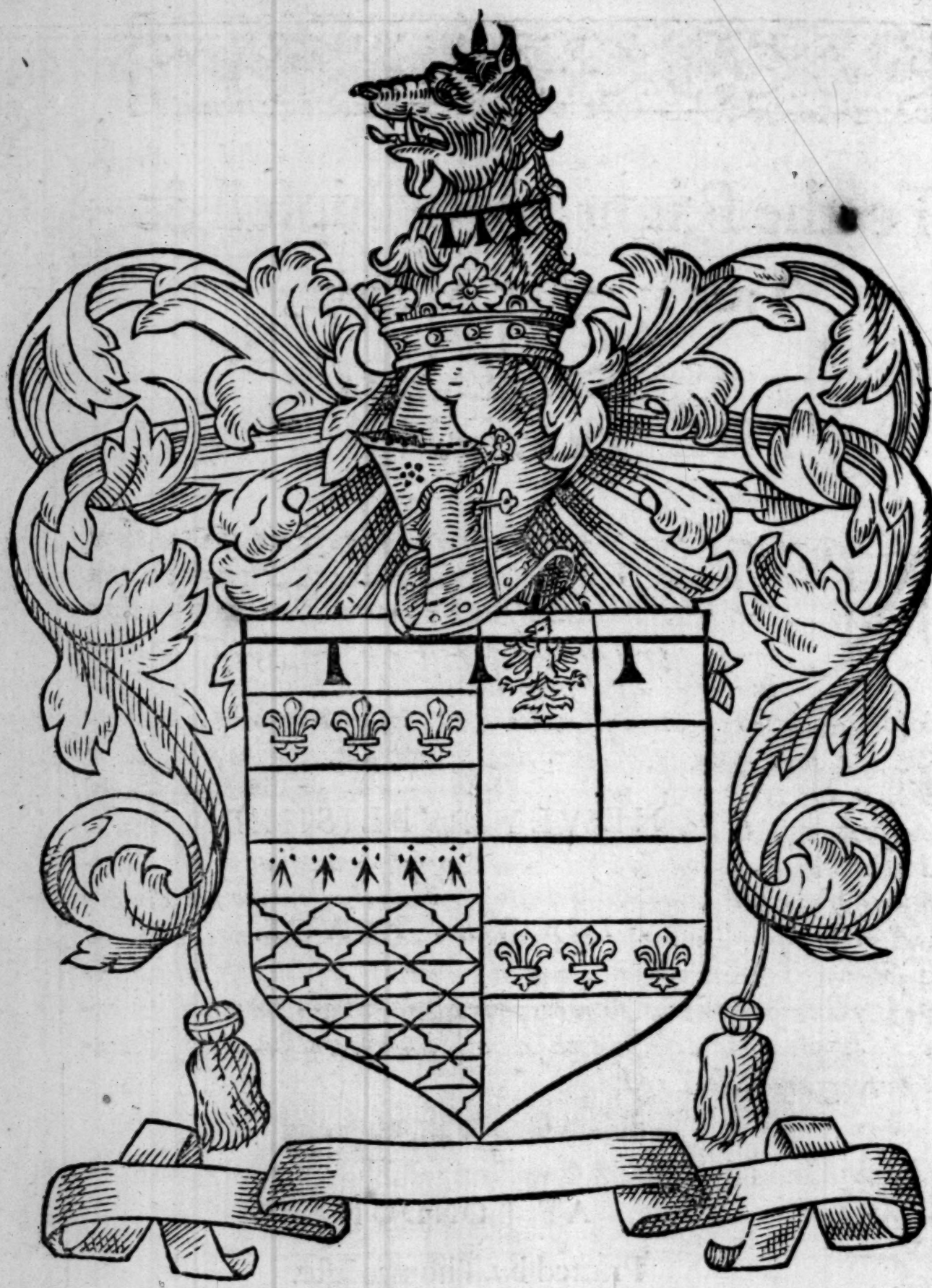
NICHOLAS YONGE.



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Este.

1597.



To the Right Worſhipfull & True louer of Muſicke,

Syr Henry Lennard

KNIGHT.

NO one ſcience draweth neerer to the eſſence of God, then this of Muſicke. (For as God is altogether vnitie: So is Muſicke proportionably an harmoniacall vnitie.) No man fauours men of that qualitie beyond your ſelfe. To no man am I more deepely beholding then to your good ſelfe. Lo then; In all theſe reſpects, and without all further ceremony, I heere preſent to your good iudgement this ſecond Booke of MVSICA TRANSALPINA. Which (as well vpon the gracious acceptance of my firſt one,) As alſo the encouragement of ſundry ciuill Gentlemen, and Marchants of good ſorte) I haue carefully culled out of the Compoſitions of the beſt Authors in Italy. Perhaps they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as they ſing Italian. And (alas) how colde they, beeing as yet but late ſoiourners in England? Howbeeit I humbly deſire, your ſelfe principally, and in your name all others for whoſe delight they were intended, to ſupply their defects with friendly interpretation. And ſo, humblie bowing my ſelfe, I reſt.

At your deuotion

wholly and euer

Nicholas Yonge.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in these bookes, with the names of their seuerall Authors and Originalls.

Of 5.

THE white delightfull *Swanne.*	I	Horatio Vecchi
Zephirus brings the time.	II	Alfonso Feraboſco.
So farre deere life.	III	Giulio Eremita.
Cinthia thy ſong & chaunting.	IIII	Giouanni Croce.
Fly if thou wilt bee flying.	V	Giulio Eremita.
At ſound of hir ſweet voyce.	VI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Browne is my Loue but gracefull.	VII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
The Wine that I ſo deerely got.	VIII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Dolorous mournefull cares.	IX	Luca Marenzio.
In flowre of Aprills ſpringing.	X	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Hills and woods, craggs and rocks.	XI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Lady my flame. The firſt part.	XII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Sweet Lord. The ſecond part.	XIII	Alfonso Feraboſco.
Sweet ſparkle of Loues fire,	XIIII	Gio: Maria Nanino.
Now ſprings each plant to heauen.	XV	Lucretio Quintiani.
Sweet eyes admiring.	XVI	Ste. Venturi.

Of 6.

Loue quench this heat conſuming.	XVII	Benedetto Palauacino.
Cruell, why doſt thou flye mee.	XVIII	Benedetto Palauacino.
O gratious and worthieſt.	XIX	Giouanni Croce.
Shall I liue ſo far diſtant from thee.	XX	Luca Marenzio.
So ſayth my faire and beautifull.	XXI	Luca Marenzio.
For griefe I dye enraged.	XXII	Andrea Feliciane.
Daintie white Pearle.	XXIII	Antonio Bicci.
Hard by a Chriſtall fountaine.	XXIIII	Giouanni Croce.

FINIS.

THe white: Sweet ſing- ing, ſweet ſing-

ing, ſweet ſing- ing, and I lamenting,

feele both ſence & life relenting, ſtrange & vnlike proce- ding, that he ſhould

dye diſtreſſed, & I I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſ-

ſed. filſt mee with glad- neſſe, filſt mee with glad- neſſe, and with

ſweet loue longing, filſt mee with glad- neſſe, if in thy pangs no greater

griefe doe ſeaſe mee, a thouſand deaths a day, :||: a thouſand deaths a

day ſhould not diſpleaſe mee. a thouſand deaths a day ſhould not, a thouſand

deaths a day ſhould not diſ-pleaſe mee.


Zephirus brings the time ỹ ſweetly ſenteth, with flowres and
hearbs & winters froſt exileth, :||: with flowres &
hearbs &,with flowres & hearbs & winters froſt exi- leth, Progne now chirpeth,
Progne now chirps,& Philome- le lamenteth,lamēteth,Flora the garlāds white &
red compi- leth, Flora ỹ garlāds white & red compi- leth,fields do reioyce,
the fields do reioyce (now) fields do reioyce,the frowning skye relen- teth,Ioue to
behold his deereſt daughter ſmileth,Ioue to behold his deereſt daughter
ſmileth,th'aire ỹ water the earth, :||: to ioy cōſenteth, to ioy conſenteth,
Each creature now,each &c. to loue him recōcileth, Each creature now,:||:



O farre, deare life from thy bright beames abſen-

ted, in griefe I liue tormented, but no diſ-

grace of fortune, can blot out of my breaſt thy name ſo gratefull, for (*that*)

for in my hart is kerued thy liuely ſhape, and ther thy loue reſer- ued, ſtill do I

ſee th'and ſtill attend the morning, attend ỹ morning, to ſee the ſunne, to ſee the

ſunne our heimſplere ador- ning, oh if that blisfull houre, oh if that blisfull hour may

once relieue mee, kill mee foorthwith good Loue, and ſo it ſhall not grieue mee.

it ſhall not grieue mee.

Each creature now to loue him re- conci- leth.



Inthia thy ſong & chaun- ting, ſo ſtrāg a flame in gentle harts awaketh, ſo ſtrang a flame in gentle harts awa-

keth, ſo ſtrāg a flame in gentle harts, in gentle harts awa- keth, that euery cold de-

ſire wanton Loue maketh, Loue maketh, ſounds to thy praiſe & vaunting, to thy praiſe & vaunting, :||: to thy praiſe & vaunting, of Sirens moſt, of Sirens

moſt, commended commended, that with delightfull tunes for praiſe contended, for

when thou ſweetly ſoundeſt, thou neither kilſt, thou neither kilſt nor woundeſt, but

dooſt reuiue a nomber of bodyes buryed in perpetuall ſlomber. in perpetuall ſlomber,

in perpetuall ſlomber, in perpetuall ſlom- ber.



Ly if thou wilt bee fly- ing, foe

to my hart moſt wrath- full,which more & more growes

faithfull, deſire purſues thee crying,which more & more growes faith- full,

and of my dy-ing, to tell thee of his torment, and of my dy- ing. But if my

harts deſire be not with grief cõfoun- ded, I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or

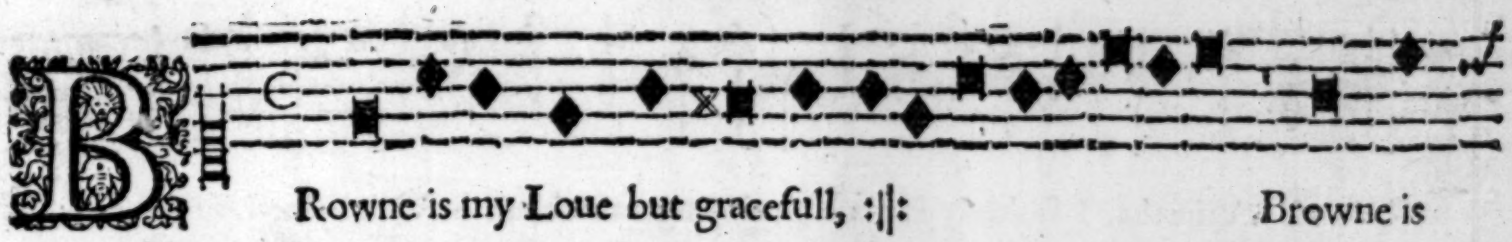
woũded, :||: I hope by loue by loue to ſee thee caught or woũ-

ded,but if my harts deſire be not :||: I hope by loue to ſee thee

caught or wounded,caught or wounded,I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or wounded,

I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or woun- ded.

AT ſound of hir ſweet voice & words betraying, at ſound of hir ſweet voice & words betraying, :||: my hope auanced, my hope auanc'd that faire deſire had founded, but as braue Thebes was built, but as braue Thebes was built, :||: by harpes ſweet play- ing and fell by ſound, :||: of warlike trumpet, of warlike trump confoun- ded, ſo that diſpightfull tonge with rage enflamed, with rage enflamed, ſounding th'a- larme, :||: vnto my hart ama- zed, left not one ram- pire, left not one rampire, vnrazed.



Rowne is my Loue but gracefull, :||: Browne is



my Loue but gracefull, and ech renowned white- neſſe, matcht with thy louely



browne looſeth his brightneſſe, and each renowned whiteneſſe, matcht with thy louely



browne looſeth his brightneſſe. Faire is my Loue but ſcorne- full, faire is my Loue,



faire is my loue but ſcornefull, faire is my loue but ſcorne- full, white dainty Lillies



and ſad flowres well priſed, yet haue I ſeene diſ- piſed, daintie white



Lillies and ſad flowres well priſed, daintie white Lillies & ſad



flowres well priſed, Browne is my Loue but gracefull. :||:



Browne is my Loue but grace- full.



THe VVine that I ſo deerly got, ſweetly ſipping, mine eies, the VVine that I ſo deere- ly



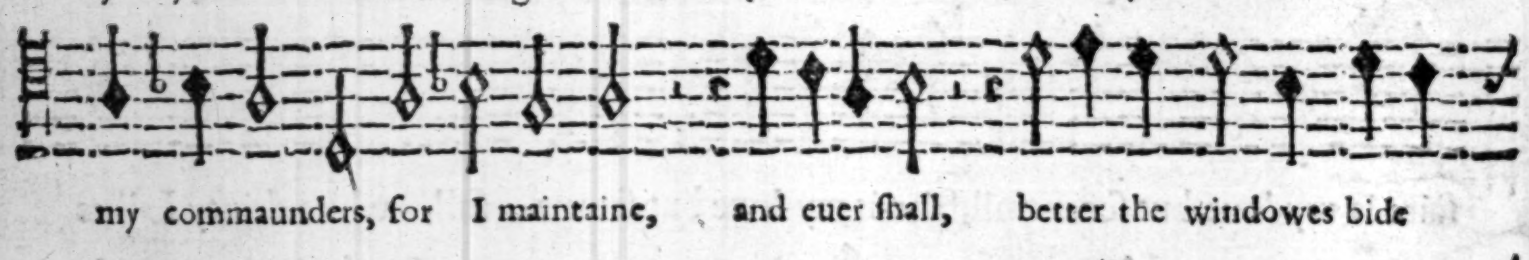
got, ſweetly ſipping, mine eies, hath blea- red, and the more, and the more I am bard



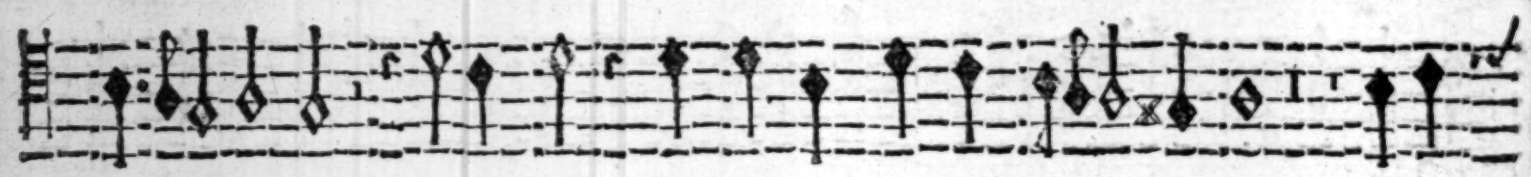
the pot, the more to drinck, the more to drinck my thirſt is ſtea- red, but ſince ther-



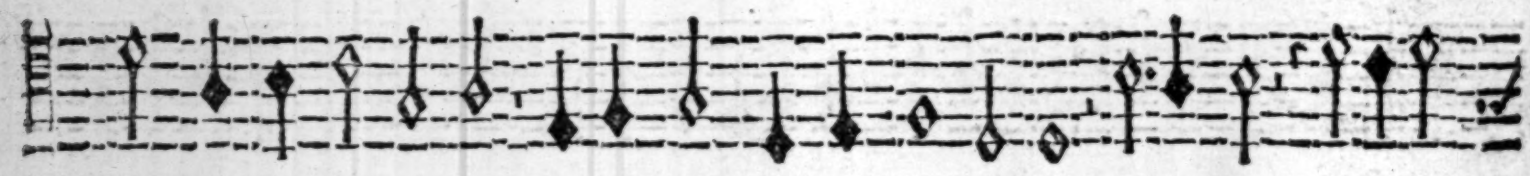
by my hart is cheared, maugre ill luck & ſpiteſull ſlaunders, mine eyes ſhall not be



my commaunders, for I maintaine, and euer ſhall, better the windowes bide



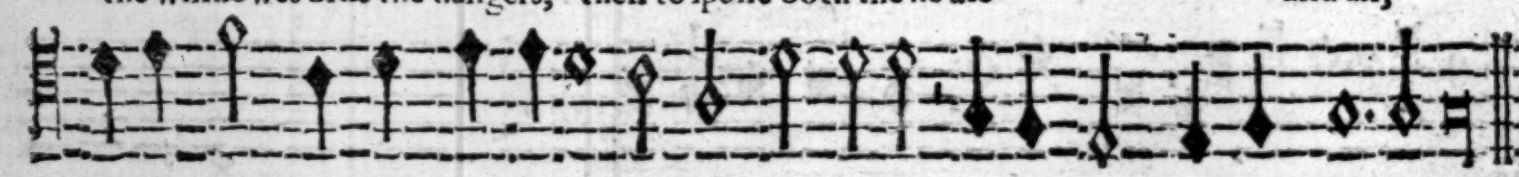
the daungers, better (were) the windowes bide the daun- gers, then to



ſpoile both the houſe and all, then to ſpoile both the houſe and all, better were ij.



the windowes bide the dangers, then to ſpoile both the houſe and all,



then to ſpoile both the houſe & all, both the houſe & all, then to ſpoile both the houſe & all,



O- lorous mournefull cares, ruth- les, tormen- ting,

hatefull (*hard*) guyues curſed bon- dage, curſed

bon- dage, wher in both nights and dayes my hart, my hart, euer renting,

wretch I bewayle my loſt delight & pleaſaunce, wofull lowd cryes, how-

ling lamen- ting, watry teares ſhedding, & e-uer-

laſting greiuance, and my dayly feding, & my liues comfort, & my liues comfort,

bitter gall exce- ding, & my liues comfort, & my liues comfort, & my liues

com- fort, (*the*) bitter gall exce- ding, (*the*) bitter gall exceeding.

IN flowre of A- prills ſpring- ing, In flowre, &c.

when pleaſant birds to ſport them, e-

mong ỹ woods cõſort thẽ, whẽ pleaſant birds to ſport them, emong ỹ woods cõ-

ſort them, emong ỹ woods conſort thẽ, warbling with cheareſull notes,

warbling &c. warbling with cheareful notes, :‖: &

ſweet-ly ſinging, for ioy Clori ỹ faire, for ioy (*then*) hir ſong was, for ioy Clori ỹ

faire hir ſong was chaun- ting, of hir & hir Elpine the ſweet loues

vaunting, of hir &c. of hir & hir Elpine the ſweet loues vaun-

ting, the ſweet loues vaun- ting, the ſweet loues vaunting.



Ills & woods, craggy rocks, and ſhores & foun-

taines, if in ſome place re-tired, I ſeeke and

ſearch, I ſeeke and ſearch, if in ſome place retyred, I might aſſuage my bitter

plaint, my bitter plaint and groning, and gro- ning, but now I ſee one onely

vale, one onely vale defi- red, ſerues to repoſe my' rimes and reſtles

moning, that murmuring do go, that murmuring do go, that murmuring do

go, through fieldes & moun- taines, ỹ murmuring, that murmuring do

go, that murmuring doe goe through fieldes, through fieldes & moun- taines.

L Ady, Lady my flame ſtil bur- ning,& my cõſuming an- guſh,doth

grow ſo great,ỹ life I feele to lan- guiſh,doth grow &c. & my cõſuming

anguiſh,doth grow ſo great, & my cõſuming anguiſh,doth grow ſo

great,ỹ life I feele to lan- guiſh. Oh let your hart be moued, to

end my grief & yours ſo long time pro- ued,& quẽch ỹ heat

that my chief part ſo fi- reth,& quẽch &c. & quẽce &c.

& quẽch the heat, & quẽch the heat, & quẽch ỹ hert,ỹ my

chief part ſo fi- reth,yeelding ỹ fruict that faithful loue requireth, yeel-

ding the fruict, yeelding the fruict that faithfull loue requireth.


Sweet Lord, your flame ſtil bur- ning, your flame ſtil bur- ning,
your flame ſtill bur- ning, & your cõſuming an- guiſh, and your
cõſuming anguiſh, your anguiſh, cannot be more thẽ mine in which I lãguiſh, I
languiſh, cannot be more thẽ mine, :||: in which I lan- guiſh. I lan-
guiſh. Nor more your hart is moued, to end my griefe and yours ſo long time
pro- ued, but if I yeeld, but if I yeeld & ſo your flame decreaſeth, Oh thẽ looſe I
my louer & your loue cea- ſeth, but if I yeeld, but if I yeeld & ſo your flame de-
creaſeth, Oh thẽ looſe I my louer & your loue cea- ſeth, Oh thẽ looſe I my
louer, Oh then looſe I my lo- uer & your loue cea- ſeth.



Weet ſparkle of Loues fire, :||: if that

thy power bee ſuch, :||: that

clad in Beauties rich attyre, a thouſand thouſand harts, :||: with

death & life thou touch, :||: What can bee ſaid but only this, thou

mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy pleaſure is. thou mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy

pleaſure is. What can bee ſaide but only this, thou mak'ſt men

liue & die euen as thy pleaſure is. thou mak'ſt men liue & die euen as thy pleaſure is.



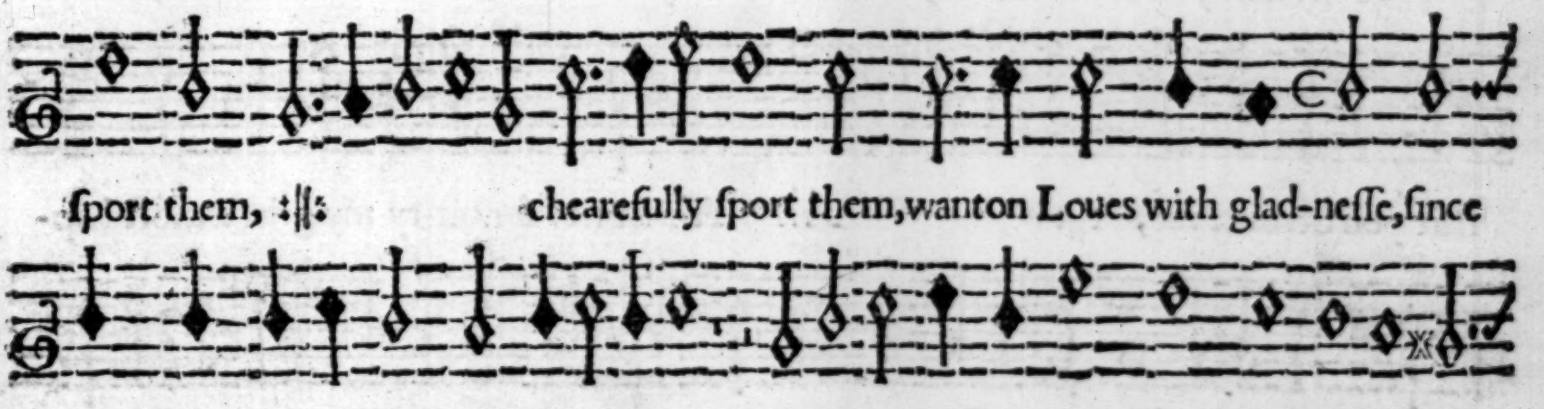
Ow ſprings each plant to heauen aloft aſpiring, now ſprings each plant to



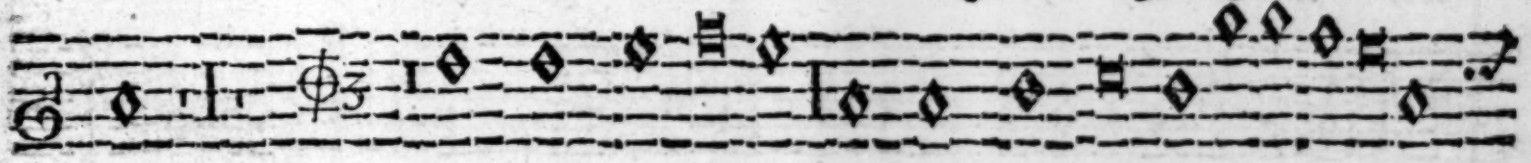
heauen aloft aſpiring, and in faire fields of Violets, and of ſweet Roſes, and



of ſweet Roſes, and of ſweet Ro- ſes, chearfully



ſport them, :||: chearefully ſport them, wanton Loues with glad-neſſe, ſince



ſhee whoſe ſacred breſt my life incloſes, After ſo long diſtreſſe great griefe & ſad-



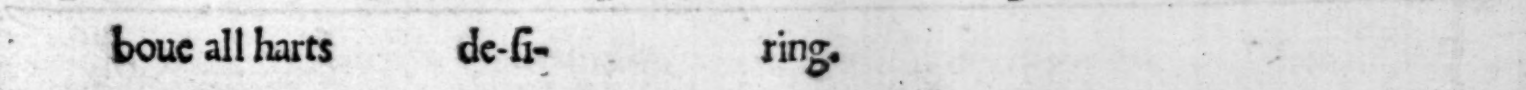
neſſe, doth make mee bleſſed, doth make mee bleſſed, :||:



doth make mee bleſt, a- boue all harts de-ſi- ring.



doth make me bleſſed, doth make mee bleſſed, :||: doth make me bleſt a-



boue all harts de-ſi- ring.



Weet eyes, admiring you I am left hartles, :||:

admiring you I am left hart- les,

of my hart you bereaue mee, for when as you doe leaue mee, of my

hart you bereaue me, :||: Ah Ah let not for pit-ty my griefe moſt hap-

les, vntimely ſlay me, left ſole with out relieuing, if you returne not,

if you re-turne not, Ah I ſhall dye with grieuing, if you re-turne not, ah

I ſhall dye with grieuing.



L Oue quēch this heat cōſuming, to much in one ſole hart thy fyre is fuming,



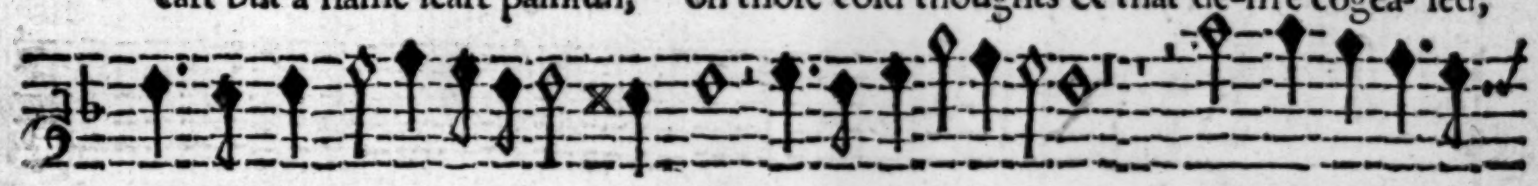
Loue quēch &c. to much in one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, thy fire is fuming,



to much &c. Caſt but a flame leaſt painfull, caſt but a flame,



caſt but a flame leaſt painfull, on thoſe cold thoughts & that de-ſire cōgea- led,



Warming hir hart diſdain- full, :‖: that feeling neuer



found thy force re- uealed, for neuer well remained, for neuer well remained,



A hart of Iſe in breſt of ſnow con-tay- ned. A hart of Iſe, in breſt of



ſnow contained, for neuer well remained, a hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow con-



tai-ned, in breſt of ſnow con-tained, in breſt of ſnow contay- ned.



Ruell, cruell, why doſt thou flye mee,why doſt thou flye mee, :||:



If ſo my death ſo great cõtent may winne thee, Thou haſt my hart



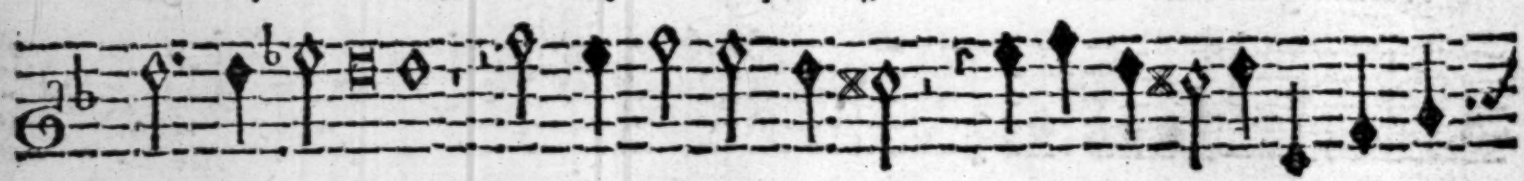
with-in thee, doſt thou thinck by thy flying, doſt ỹ thinck by thy flying, :||:



by thy flying, cruell,to ſee me dying? to ſee mee dy-ing? Oh,



none alyue can die, none alyue can dye, :||: none aliue can die,



hurtleſſe vngrieued, and grief can no man feele, of hart de- priued,of hart de-



pri ued,of hart depri- ued. Oh, none aliue can die,oh, none aliue can die, :||:



none aliue can dye,hurtleſſe vngrieued, & griefe can no man feele,of



hart de-priued, of heart depriued.

O Gratious & worthieſt of each creature, ô gratious & worthieſt, wor-

thieſt of ech creature, know you for why the fates, the ſtars & heauen, :||:

this worthy name of grati-ous haue giuen, of gratious haue giuen, :||:

to you ſo rare a feature, :||: bee-

cauſe with in your louely face is dwelling, ech louely grace, & fauour moſt ex-

celling, moſt excelling, then if, then if you are ſo gratious faire as may bee, ſhew

fruicts of garce & do not ſlay mee, & do not ſlay mee, ſhew fruicts of grace, &

doe not ſlay mee, ſhew fruicts of grace and dooe not ſlay mee.

S Hall I liue ſo farre diſtant from thee, from thee my onely good &

ſweeteſt pleaſure, to feele paynes with-out meaſure, Ah ſuffer not, :||:

ah ſuffer not each houre t'increaſe my ſighing, ſighing, ſee now my ſoule is flying,

:||: is flying, and if through griefe of force, through griefe of

force, it muſt conſume, pining dye, pi-ning dye, within thy milkwhite bo-ſome,

ſee now my ſoule is flying, :||: & if through griefe of force,

it muſt conſume, muſt con- ſume, yet let it pining dye, pi-ning dye, with-

in thy milke, within thy milkwhite boſome, within thy milkwhite boſome, boſome.



O faith, my faire & beautifull Li-co-ris, when now and then ſhee talketh



with mee of loue, loue is a ſprit that walketh, :||: that fores and flyes



& none aliue can hold nor touch him, nor behold him, yet whe hir



eyes ſhee tur- neth, I ſpie where hee ſoiorneth, in hir eies there hee



flies, :||: in hir eies there hee flies, but none can catch him, yet when hir



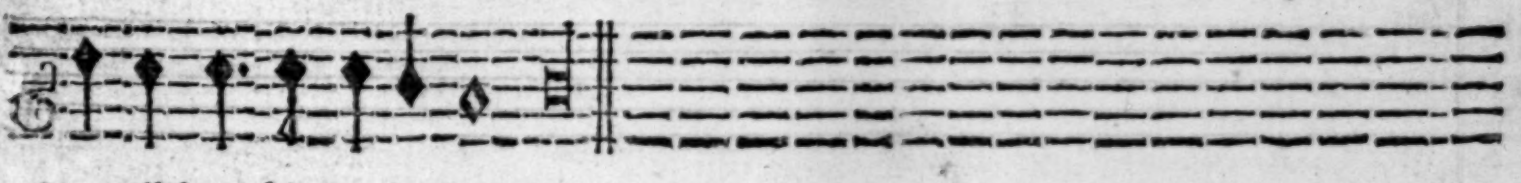
eyes ſhe tur- neth, I ſpie wher he ſoiorneth, in hir eyes ther he flies, :||:



in hir eies ther he flies, but none can catch him, in hir eies ther he flies, :||:



in hir eyes ther he flyes, but none can catch him, till from hir lips he fetch



him, till from hir lips he fetch him.



Or griefe I die enraged, now wretch I feele my ſelf, now

wretch I feele my ſelfe by ſnares engaged, for while to

much I ioy- ed, for while to much I ioyed, new & more paineful, :||:

bandes fierce loue employed, who helpeth? oh who mee lamenteth? oh who me lamen-

teth? oh who mee lamenteth? that wilfullie my death, that wil-fullie my death by

loue preuen- teth, that wilfully my death by loue preuenteth.



Aintie white Pearle & you freſh ſmy- ling Ro-

ſes, Daintie white Pearle & you, & you freſh ſmy- ling

Ro- ſes, The Nectar ſweet diſtilling, Oh why are you vnwilling, Oh Ah yet my

ſoule hir ſelf in them diſcloſes, Some reliefe, :||: :||: thence deſi-ring. Ah

yet my ſoule hir ſelf in them diſcloſes, Some reliefe, :||: :||: thence de-

ſiring. Some reliefe, :||: thence de-ſiring.

HArd by: The birds they finely chirped, The birds they finely chirp'd, the winds were ſtilled, Sweetly with theſe accentings, :||: Sweetly with theſe accentings the aër was fil-led, This is ỹ faire whoſe head a croune deſerueth, Which heau'n for hir reſerueth, :||: Leaue ſheppards your Lambs-keeping, Vpon the barren mountaine, For ſhee the ſheppards life maintaines and yowërs, Thẽ ſang the ſheppards and Nimphs of Di-a-na, Nimphs of Di-a- na, Long liue faire *ORIANA*, faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIANA*, faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIANA*. :||:

FINIS.

SEXTVS.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

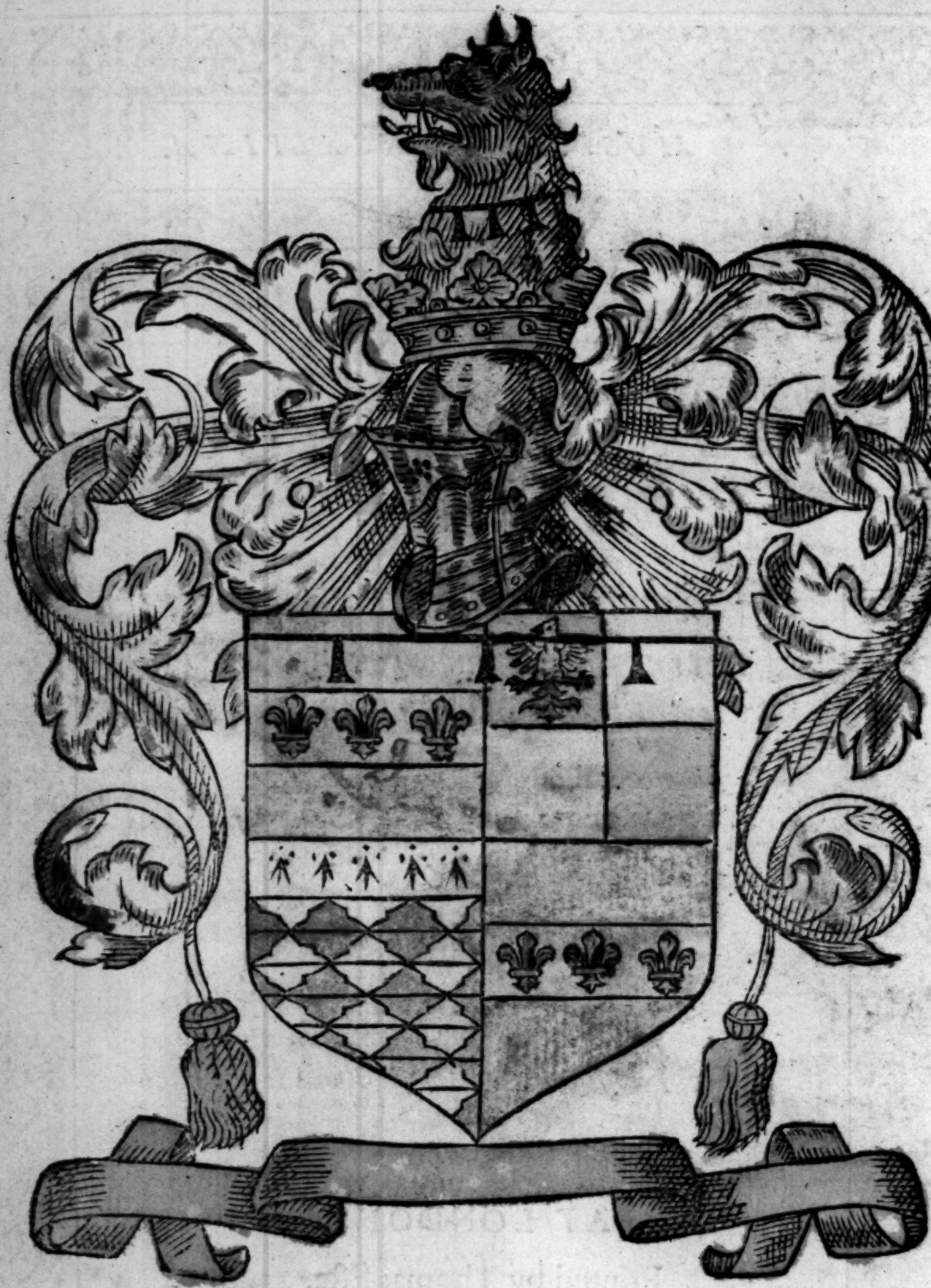
Madrigalles, to 5. & 6. voices: tranſlated out of ſundrie Italian Authors

&

NEWLY PVBLISHED BY

NICHOLAS YONGE.

AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte.
1597.



To the Right Worſhipfull & True louer of Muſicke,

Syr Henry Lennard

KNIGHT.

NO one ſcience draweth neerer to the eſſence of God, then this of Muſicke. (For as God is altogether vnitie: So is Muſicke proportionably an harmoniac all vnitie.) No man fauours men of that qualitie beyond your ſelfe. To no man am I more deepely beholding then to your good ſelfe. Lo then; In all theſe reſpects, and without all further ceremony, I heere preſent to your good iudgement this ſecond Booke of MVSICA TRANSALPINA. Which (as well vpon the gracious acceptance of my firſt one,) As alſo the encouragement of ſundry ciuill Gentlemen, and Marchants of good ſorte) I haue carefully culled out of the Compoſitions of the beſt Authors in Italy. Perhaps they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as they ſing Italian. And (alas) how colde they, beeing as yet but late ſoiourners in England? Howbeeit I humbly deſire, your ſelfe principally, and in your name all others for whoſe delight they were intended, to ſupply their defects with friendly interpretation. And ſo, humblie bowing my ſelfe, I reſt.

At your deuotion

wholly and euer

Nicholas Yonge.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in theſe bookes, with the names of their ſeuerall Authors and Originalls.

Of 5.

THE white delightfull Swanne.	I	Horatio Vecchi
Zephirus brings the time.	II	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
So farre deere life.	III	Giulio Eremita.
Cinthia thy ſong & chaunting.	IIII	Giouanni Croce.
Fly if thou wilt bee flying.	V	Giulio Eremita.
At ſound of hir ſweet voyce.	VI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Browne is my Loue but graceſull.	VII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
The Wine that I ſo deerely got.	VIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Dolorous mournefull cares.	IX	Luca Marenzio.
In flowre of Aprills ſpringing.	X	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Hills and woods, craggs and rocks.	XI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Lady my flame. The firſt part.	XII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet Lord. The ſecond part.	XIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet ſparkle of Loues fire,	XIIII	Gio: Maria Nanino.
Now ſprings each plant to heauen.	XV	Lucretio Quintiani.
Sweet eyes admiring.	XVI	Ste. Venturi.

Of 6.

Loue quench this heat conſuming.	XVII	Benedetto Palauacino.
Cruell, why doſt thou flye mee.	XVIII	Benedetto Palauacino.
O gratious and worthieſt.	XIX	Giouanni Croce.
Shall I liue ſo far diſtant from thee.	XX	Luca Marenzio.
So ſayth my faire and beautifull.	XXI	Luca Marenzio.
For griefe I dye enraged.	XXII	Andrea Feliciane.
Daintie white Pearle.	XXIII	Antonio Bicci.
Hard by a Chriſtall fountaine.	XXIIII	Giouanni Croce.

FINIS.



L Oue quēch this heat conſuming, Loue quēch this heat cōſuming, to much in



one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, to much in one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, aſt but a



flame leaſt painful, caſt but a flame, caſt but a flame leaſt pain- full, leaſt



paine- full, on thoſe cold thoughts and that deſire congealed, deſire congealed,



warming hir hart diſdainfull, warming hir hart diſdain- full, diſdainful, ẏ feeling



neuer found thy force reuealed, for neuer well remayned, :‖: a



hart of Iſe, a hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow contained, in breſt of ſnow contay-



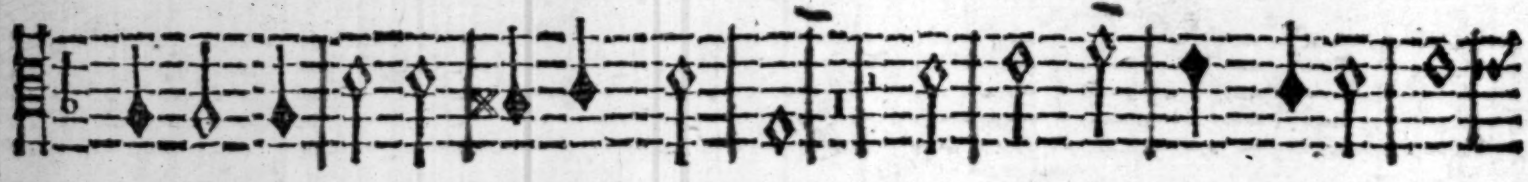
ned, for neuer well remained, :‖: a hart of Iſe, a hart of Iſe, in



breſt of ſnow contayned, in breſt of ſnow contayned.



Ru- ell, why doſt thou flye mee, why doſt thou flye mee, If ſo



my death ſo great con-tent may winne thee, Thou haſt my heart with-in thee,



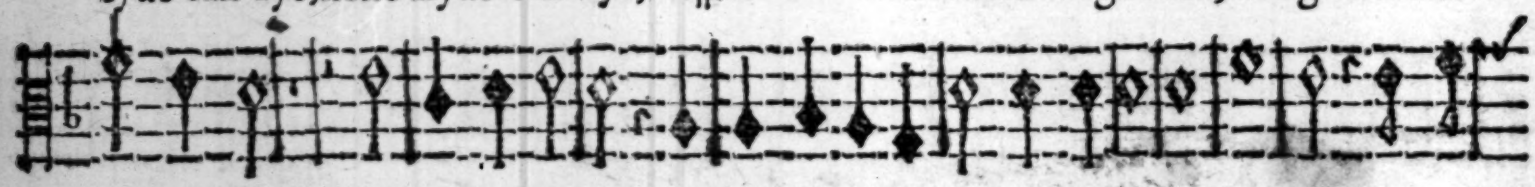
doſt thou thinck by thy flying, doſt thou thinck by thy flying, :||:



cruell, to ſee me dying? cruell, to ſee me dying? Oh, none alyue can die, none a-



lyue can dye, none alyue can dye, :||: hurtleſſe vngrieued, and griefe can



no man feele, of hart depriued, of hart depriued, of hart depriued, Oh, oh none a-



liue, none aliue can dye, oh, none aliue can die, hurtleſſe vngrieued, hurtleſſe vngrie-



ued, & griefe can no man feele, of hart depriued, of hart depriued.





O Gratious & worthieſt of ech creature, ô gratious & worthieſt & wor-



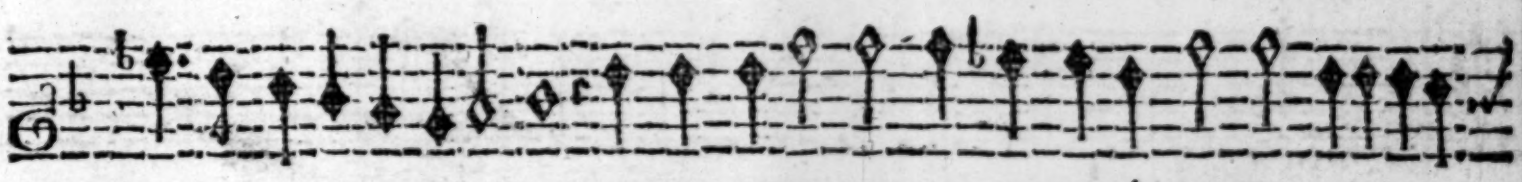
thieſt of ech creature, know you for why ỹ fates, :||: :||: the ſtars &



heauē, ỹ ſtars & heauē, this worthy name of gra-tious haue giuen, this worthy name, this



worthy, this worthy name of gratious haue giuen, to you ſo rare, ſo rare a feature, to



you ſo rare, ſo rare a feature, becauſe within your gratious face is dwelling, :||:



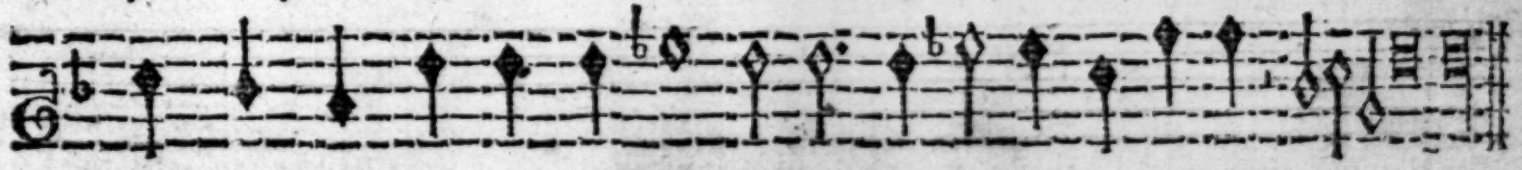
ech louely grace & fauour moſt excelling, moſt excelling, thē if,



then if you are ſo gratious faire as may bee, ſhew fruicts of grace, & doe not



ſlay mee, ſlay mee. :||: doe not ſlay me, ſlay me, ſhew fruicts of



grace, ſhew̄ fruicts of grace and dooe not ſlay mee, and doe not ſlay mee. :||:



Hall I liue ſo farre diſtant from thee, from thee my one-ly

good and ſweeteſt pleaſure, to feele paines without meaſure,

Ah ſuffer not, ſuffer not, ſuffer not, ah ſuffer not each houre t'in-creaſe my ſigh-

ing, ſee now my ſoule is flying, :||: & if through griefe of

force it muſt conſume, muſt con- ſume, yet let it pining, pining dye, ſee now my

ſoule is flying, :||: & if through griefe, through griefe of force it

muſt conſume, yet let it pining die, within thy milkwhite bo- ſome, :||:

thy milkewhite boſome.



O ſaith my faire & beautifull Li-co-ris, when now & then ſhee talketh,



when now & then ſhe talketh, Loue is a ſprit that walketh,a ſprite that walketh,



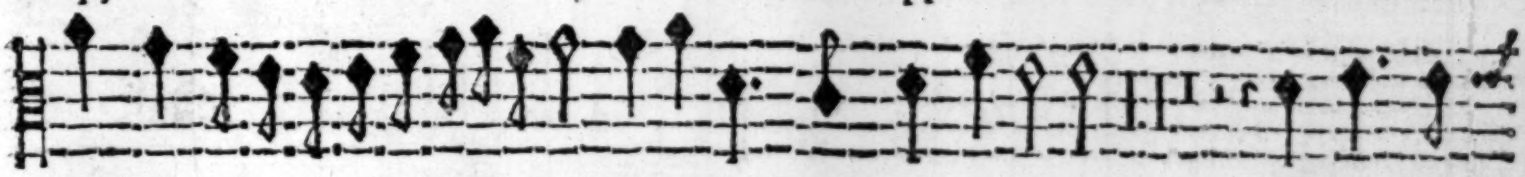
that ſores & flyes, and none aliue can hold him, and none aliue can hold him,



Nor touch him,nor behold him, yet whē hir eies ſhe tur- neth,I



ſpy wher hee ſoiorneth, Till from hir lippes hee fetch him. Yet when hir



eyes ſhee tur- neth,I ſpie where hee ſoiorneth, Till from hir



lippes hee fetch him. In hir eyes,ther hee flyes,:‖: in hir eyes ther he flyes,



but none can catch him,till from hir lips he fetch him,till from hir lips he fetch him.



Or grief I die, for grief I dye enraged, now wretch I

feele my ſelfe by ſnares engaged, for while to much I

ioy- ed, for while to much I ioyed, new and more painefull, new

& more painefull bandes fierce loue employed, who helpes? who helpes? oh who

mee lamenteth? oh who mee lamenteth? who mee lamenteth? that wilfullie my death by

loue preuenteth, that wilfullie my death by loue preuen- teth, that wil-fullie my

death by loue preuenteth.

Ainty white Pearle & you freſh ſmyling Roſes, Daintie

white pearle & you, & you, The Nectar ſweet diſtilling,

Oh oh why are you vnwilling of my ſighes inly fi- ring? Ah Ah yet my

ſoule hir ſelfe in them diſ- cloſes, Some reliefe, :||: :||: thence de-ſi-ring.

Some reliefe, :||: :||: :||: thence de-firing.



HArd by a Chriſtal foũtaine, a Chriſtall fountaine, *ORIANA* ỹ bright, :||:



lay doune a ſleeping, The birds they finely chirped, The birds they finely chirp'd,



the winds were ſtilled, ſweetly with theſe accentings, :||: th'aër was



fil- led, This is that faire whoſe head a croune deſerueth, Which heau'n for



hir reſerueth, :||: Leaue ſheppards your Lambs-keeping, Vpon the



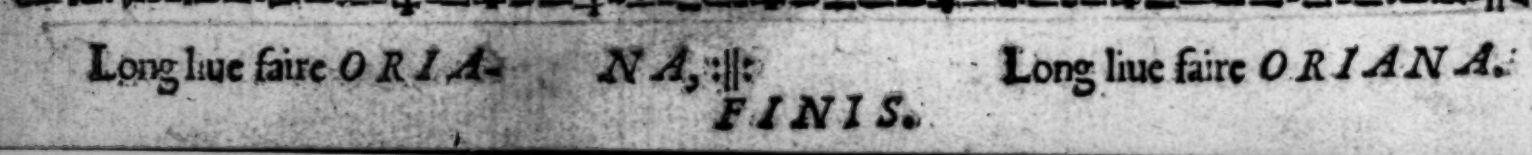
barren moũtaine, And Nimphs attend on hir & leaue your bowërs, Then ſang the



ſheppards & Nimphs of Di- a- na, Nimphs of Di-a-na, Long liue faire *ORIANA*,



Long liue faire *ORIANA*, :||: :||: faire *ORIANA*,



Long liue faire *ORIA-* *NA*, :||: Long liue faire *ORIANA*.

FINIS.

MVSICA TRANSALPINA.

BASSVS.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Madrigalles, to 5. & 6. voices: tranſlated out of ſundrie Italian Authors

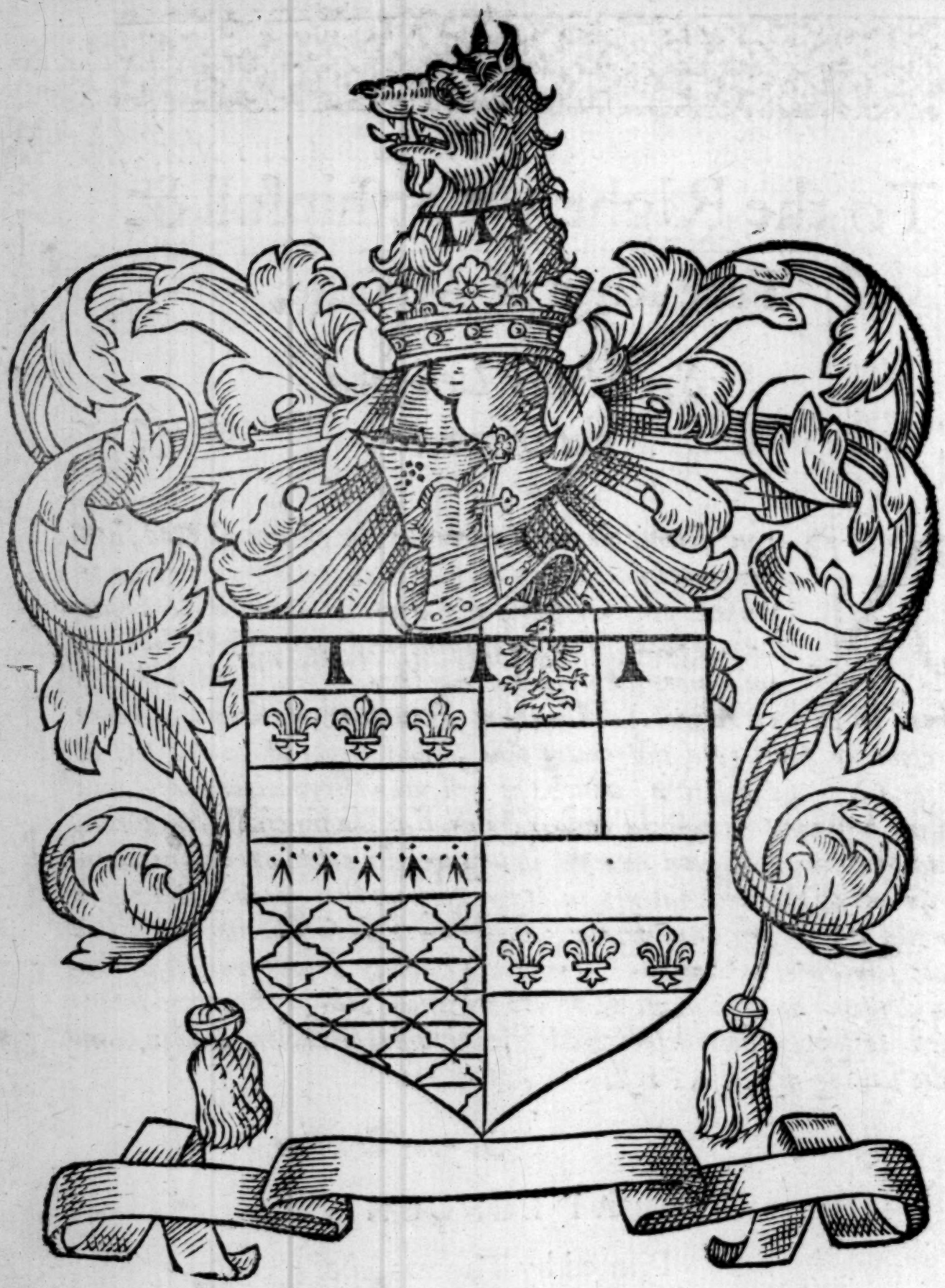
&

NEWLY PVBLISHED BY

NICOLAS YONGE.



AT LONDON
Printed by Thomas Eſte.
1597.



To the Right Worſhipfull & True louer of Muſicke,

Syr Henry Lennard

KNIGHT.

NO one ſcience draweth neerer to the eſſence of God, then this of Muſicke. (For as God is altogether vnitie: So is Muſicke proportionably an harmoniacall vnitie.) No man fauours men of that qualitie beyond your ſelfe. To no man am I more deepely beholding then to your good ſelfe. Lo then; In all theſe reſpects, and without all further ceremony, I heere preſent to your good iudgement this ſecond Booke of MVSICA TRANSALPINA. Which (as well vpon the gracious acceptance of my firſt one,) As alſo the encouragement of ſundry ciuill Gentlemen, and Marchants of good ſorte) I haue carefully culled out of the Compoſitions of the beſt Authors in Italy. Perhaps they ſpeake not Engliſh ſo well as they ſing Italian. And (alas) how colde they, beeing as yet but late ſoiourners in England? Howbeeit I humbly deſire, your ſelfe principally, and in your name all others for whoſe delight they were intended, to ſupply their defects with friendly interpretation. And ſo, humblie bowing my ſelfe, I reſt.

At your deuotion

wholly and euer

Nicholas Yonge.

The Table of all the Madrigales contained in theſe bookes, with the names of their ſeuerall Authors and Originalls.

Of 5.

THE white delightfull *Swanne.*	I	Horatio Vecchi
Zephirus brings the time.	II	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
So farre deere life.	III	Giulio Eremita.
Cinthia thy ſong & chaunting.	IIII	Giouanni Croce.
Fly if thou wilt bee flying.	V	Giulio Eremita.
At ſound of hir ſweet voyce.	VI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Browne is my Loue but gracefull.	VII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
The Wine that I ſo deerely got.	VIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Dolorous mournefull cares.	IX	Luca Marenzio.
In flowre of Aprills ſpringing.	X	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Hills and woods, craggs and rocks.	XI	Lucretio Quintiani.
Lady my flame. The firſt part.	XII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet Lord. The ſecond part.	XIII	Alfonſo Feraboſco.
Sweet ſparkle of Loues fire,	XIIII	Gio: Maria Nanino.
Now ſprings each plant to heauen.	XV	Lucretio Quintiani.
Sweet eyes admiring.	XVI	Ste. Venturi.

Of 6.

Loue quench this heat conſuming.	XVII	Benedetto Palauacino.
Cruell, why doſt thou flye mee.	XVIII	Benedetto Palauacino.
O gratious and worthieſt.	XIX	Giouanni Croce.
Shall I liue ſo far diſtant from thee.	XX	Luca Marenzio.
So ſayth my faire and beautifull.	XXI	Luca Marenzio.
For griefe I dye enraged.	XXII	Andrea Feliciane.
Daintie white Pearle.	XXIII	Antonio Bicci.
Hard by a Chriſtall fountaine.	XXIIII	Giouanni Croce.

FINIS.



He white delightfull Swanne ſweet ſinging dyeth, ſweet

ſing- ing, ſweet ſing- ing, ſweet ſinging dyeth,

and I lamenting, feele both ſence & life relenting, ſtrange & vnlike proceeding,

that he ſhould dye di-ſtreſſed, & I I dye moſt bleſſed, I dye moſt bleſſed, I

dye moſt bleſſed. Death which in all thy worng- ing, filſt me with gladnes, filſt

me with glad- neſſe, and with ſweet loue longing, if in thy pangs no

greater griefe doe ſeaſe mee, a thouſand deaths a day, a thouſand deaths a day, :||:

a thouſand deaths a day ſhould not diſpleaſe mee.



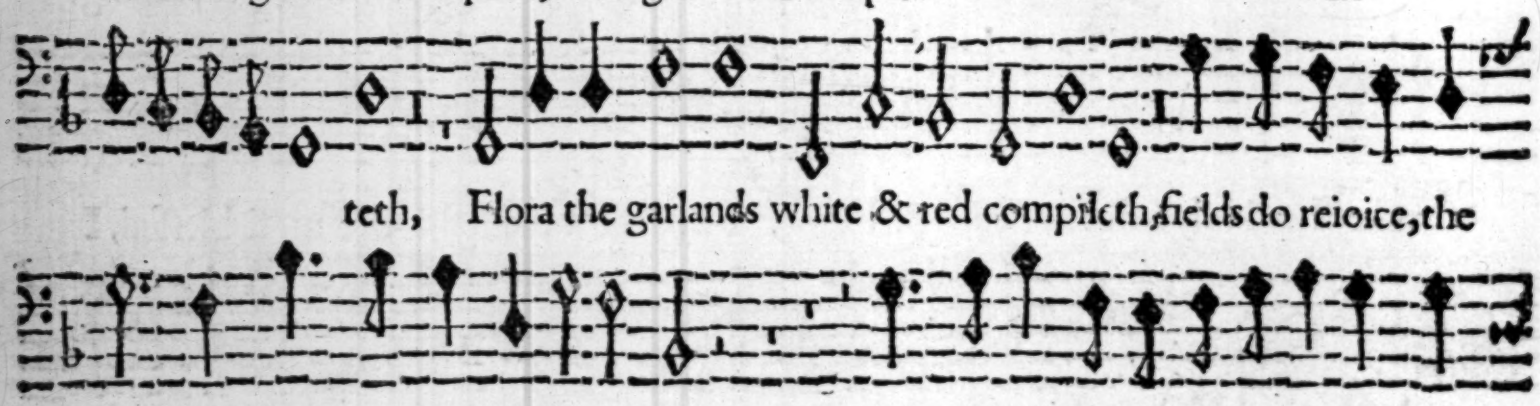
Zephirus: With flowres & hearbs & winters froſt ex- i- leth, Ze-phi-rus



brings the time that ſweetly ſenteth, with flowres & hearbs and winters froſt ex-i-



leth, Progne now chirpeth, Progne now chirps,& Philomele lamen-



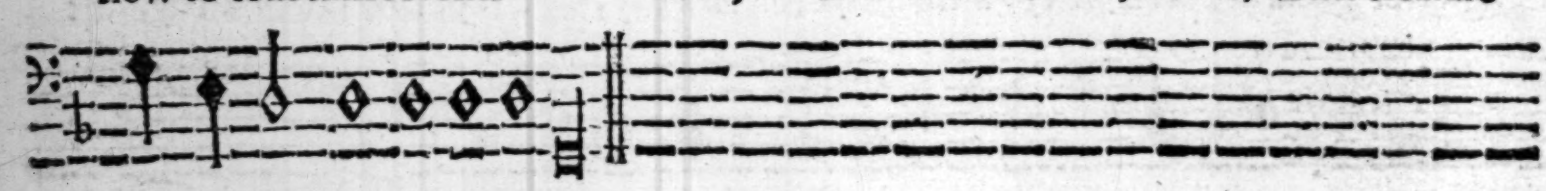
teth, Flora the garlands white & red compileth,fields do reioice,the



frowning,frowning skye relen- teth, Ioue to beehold his dee-



reſt daughter ſmileth, th'aire the water the earth,to ioy conſenteth, Each creature



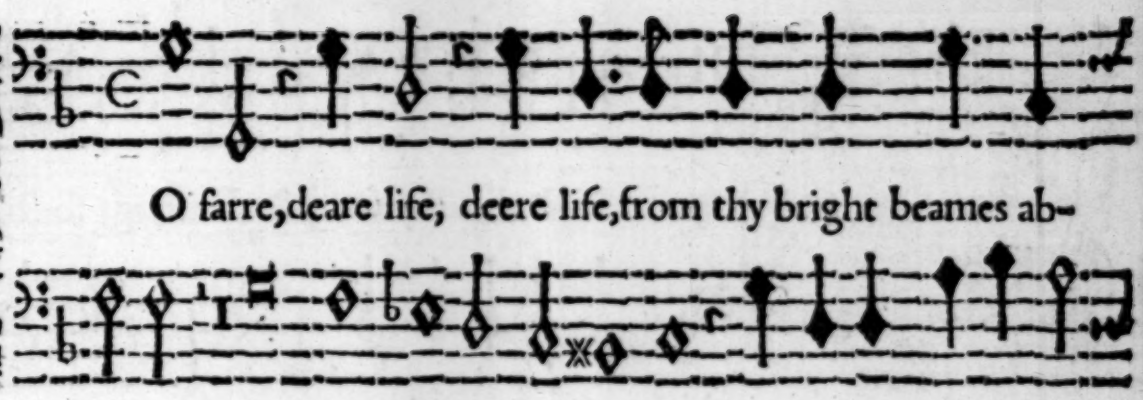
now to loue him reconci- leth, Each creature now,to loue, Each creature



now to loue him reconcileth.



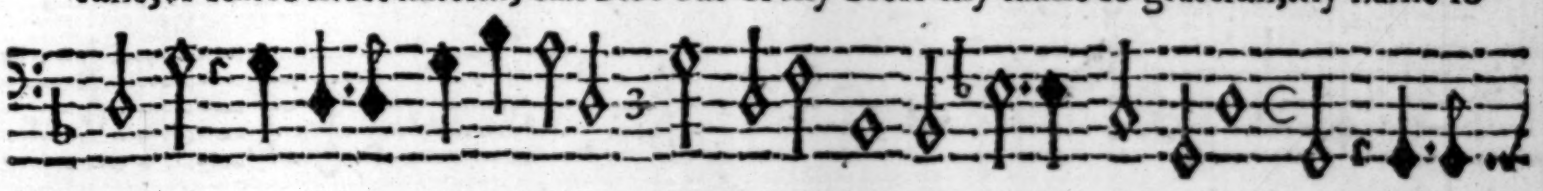
O farre, deare life, deere life, from thy bright beames ab-



sented, in griefe I liue tormented, but no disgrace of for-



tune, or starre most hateful, can blot out of my brest thy name so gratefull, thy name so



gratefull, for in my hart is kerued thy liuely shape & therby loue reser- ued, still do



I see th'and still attend the attend the morning, to see the sunne our hemisphere a-



dor- ning, oh if that blisfull houre, may once relieue mee, good



Loue, good loue it shall not grieue mee.



Inthia thy ſong & chaũting, ſo ſtrange a flame in gentle

harts,in gentle harts awaketh, Cinthia thy ſong & chaũting,

ſo ſtrange a flame in gentle harts awaketh,that euery cold deſire wanton Loue maketh,

wanton Loue maketh, ſounds, to thy praiſe and vaunting,ſounds to thy praiſe and

vaunting, of Sirens moſt commended, of Sirens moſt commended, for whẽ thou

ſweetly ſoundeſt, thou neither kilſt,thou neither kilſt,nor woũdeſt,but dooſt reuiue a

nomber of bodyes buryed, in perpetuall ſlomber.





Ly if ỹ wilt: Foe to my hart moſt wrathfull, :||:



Deſire purſues thee crying, which more and more grows



faithfull, deſire pur-ſues thee crying, deſire purſues thee cry- ing, to



tell thee of his torment,& (*of*) my dying, But if my harts deſire be not, with griefe



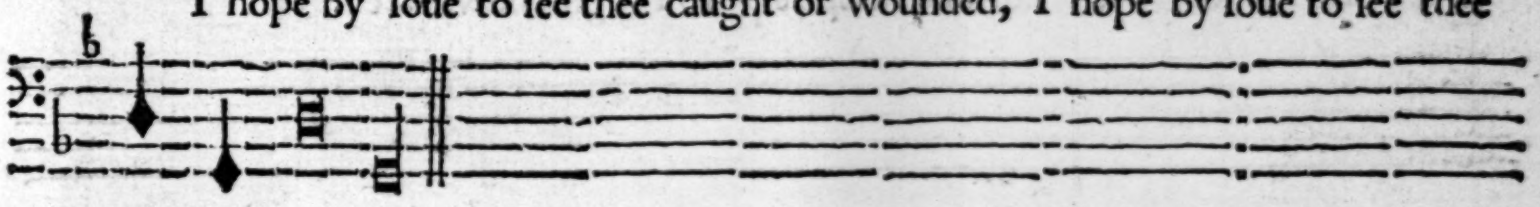
confounded, I hope by Loue to ſee thee caught or woũded, I hope by loue to



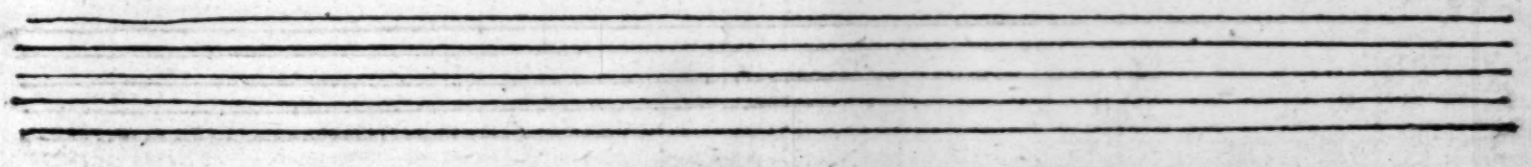
ſee thee caught or wounded. But if my harts deſire be not, with grief cõfounded,



I hope by loue to ſee thee caught or wounded, I hope by loue to ſee thee



caught or wounded.





T ſound of hir ſweet voice & words betraying, at ſoũd of

hir ſweet voice & words betraying, but as braue Thebes was

built by harps ſweet playing, but as braue Thebes was built by harps ſweet playing,

& fell by ſound of warlike trũpet, of warlike trumpet, of warlike trumpe con-

founded, ſo that diſpightful tongue with rage enfla- med, ſounding th'alarme, ſoũd-

ing th'alarme, ſounding th'a-larme vnto my hart amazed, of that proud hope the which

to fall was framed, left not one rampire to the ground vnrazed.



Rowne is my Loue but gracefull, :||:

and each renowned whiteneſſe, :||: and each re-

nowned whitneſſe, matcht with thy louely browne, looſeth his brightneſſe. looſeth his

brightneſſe. Faire is my loue, but ſcornefull, faire is my Loue, but ſcorne- full,

yet haue I ſeene diſpiſed, daintie white Lillies and ſad flowres well priſed, and ſad flowres

well priſed, : Browne is my Loue but gracefull, :||:

Browne is my Loue, but grace- full.

THe wine that I ſo deerly got, ſweetly ſipping myne eyes hath bleared, mine

eyes hath blea- red, & the more I am bard the pot, & the more I am bard the pot,

the more to drinck my thirſt is ſtered, but ſince therby my hart is chered,

maugre ill luck & ſpitefull ſlaunders, and euer ſhall, & euer ſhall, bet-ter the win-

dowes bide the daungers, better the windowes bide the danger, then to ſpoile

both the houſe and all, then to ſpoile both the houſe and all, bet- ter the windowes

bide the daungers, bet-ter the windowes bide the dangers, then to ſpoile both ỹ

houſe & all, then to ſpoile both the houſe and all, both the houſe & all.



O- lo-rous mournefull cares, ruthles tormenting, hate-

full guyues, curſed bon- dage, curſed bonds, ſharp-

eſt endu- raunce, wretch I bewaile me, wofull loud cryes, how-

ling, lamenting, watry teares ſhedding, watry teares ſhed,

& e-uerlaſting grieuaunce, & my liues comfort, & my liues comfort, bitter gall

excee- ding, & my liues comfort, & my liues comfort, (*the*) bitter gall ex-

cee- ding.


In flowre of A- prills ſpringing, In flowre of A- prills
ſpringing, whē pleaſant birds to ſport them, emong ỹ woods conſort
them, when pleaſant birds to ſport thē, emong ỹ woods conſort thē, warbling with
chearful notes, :||: warbling with chearful notes, & ſweetly ſinging, and
ſweetly ſinging, for ioy (then) :||: for ioy Clori the faire, for ioy (then) hir ſong
was chaũting, of hir & hir Elpine, the ſweet loues vaun- ting, of
hir & hir Elpine, the ſweet loues vaunting, the ſweet loues vaunting.



Ills &c. I ſeeke & ſearch, if in ſome place retyred, if

in ſome place retyred, If in ſome place retired, I might aſ-

ſuage, my bitter plaint, my bitter plaint & gro- ning, but now I ſee, one onely

vale, one onely vale deſired, ſerues to repoſe my rimes & reſtles moning, that

murmuring do go, that murmuring do go, through fieldes, through fieldes & moun-

taines, that murmuring doe go, that murmuring do go, through fieldes, through

fieldes & mountaines.

LA- dy, La- dy, my flame ſtill bur-

ning, & my cõſuming anguiſh, doth grow ſo great, that life I feele

I feele to languiſh, Oh let your hart be moued, to end my grief, & yours

ſo long time pro- ued, and quench the heat, that my chiefe part ſo fireth,

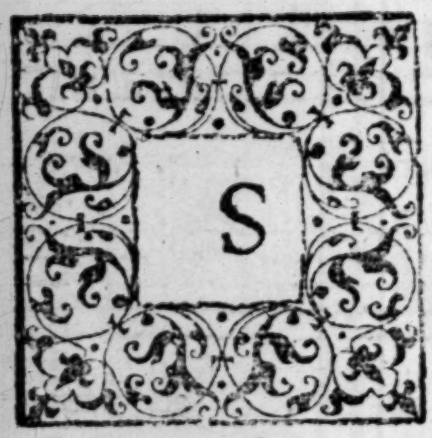
and quench the heat that my chiefe part ſo fireth, ſo fireth, yeelding the fruict

that faithfull loue requireth, and quẽch the heat that my chief part ſo fi-

reth, ſo fireth, yeelding ẏ fruict that faithfull loue requireth, yeelding the

fruict that faith- ful loue requireth.


Sweet Lord, ſweet Lord your flame ſtill bur- ning, ſweet
Lord your flame ſtill bur- ning, and your conſuming anguiſh, and your
conſuming anguiſh, cannot bee more then mine, in which I languiſh. can-
not bee more then mine in which I languiſh, I languiſh. Nor more your heart is
moued, to end my griefe & yours ſo long time pro- ued, but if I yeeld,
but if I yeeld, and ſo your flame decrea- ſeth, Oh then looſe I my louer &
your loue cea- ſeth, but if I yeeld, but if I yeeld & ſo your flame de-
crea- ſeth, Oh then looſe I my Louer and your loue cea- ſeth, Oh
then looſe I my Louer, and your Loue ceaſeth.



Weet ſparkle &c. That clad in Beauties rich attyre, :||:

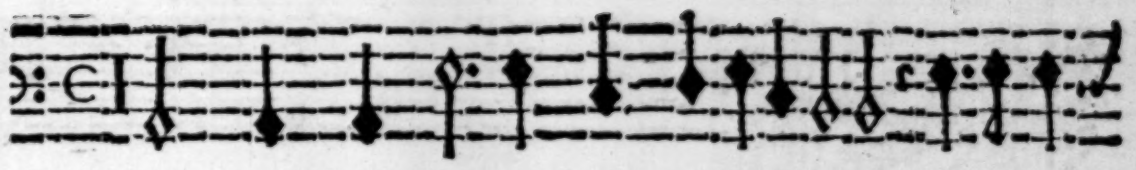
a thouſand thouſand harts, :||:

with death & life thou touch, What can bee ſaid but only this, :||:

Thou mak'ſt men liue and die euen as thy pleaſure is. What can bee ſaid, but

on- ly this, Thou mak'ſt men liue & dye euen as thy pleaſure is.





Ow ſprings each plant to heauen aloft aſpiring, and in faire



fields of Violets, and of ſweet Ro- ſes, and of ſweet



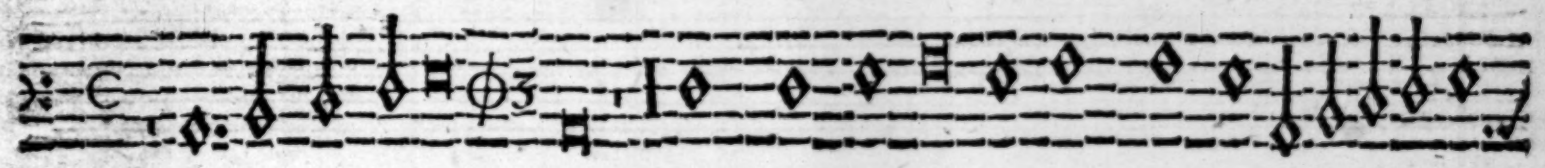
Ro- ſes, chearfully ſport them, :|: chearfully ſport them, ſport them,



wanton Loues with glad- neſſe, After ſo long diſtreſſe great griefe & ſad- neſſe,



doth make mee bleſſed, doth make mee bleſ- ſed, doth make mee bleſt, a-



boue all harts de-ſi- ring, doth make me bleſſed, doth make me bleſ-



ſed, doth make mee bleſt a- boue all harts de-ſi-ring.



Weet eyes admiring you I am left hartles, ſweet eyes ad-

miring you I am left hartles, of my hart you bereaue mee,

for when as you do leaue mee, of my hart you beereaue mee, Ah let not for pitty,

my griefe moſt haples, vntime- ly ſlay mee, Ah I ſhall dye with grieuing, if

you returne not, Ah I ſhall dye with grieuing.



Oue quench this heat conſuming, to much in

one ſole hart thy fire is fuming, Caſt but a flame leaſt pain-

full, caſt but a flame leaſt pain- full, on thoſe cold thoughts & that deſire con-

gealed, Warming hir hart diſdainfull, that feeling neuer found thy force reuea-

led, for neuer well remained, A hart of Iſe, in breſt of ſnow contained.

in breſt of ſnow contained, for neuer well re-mained, a hart of Iſe, in

breſt of ſnow contained, in breſt of ſnow contained.



Ruell, why doſt thou flye mee, why doſt thou

flye mee? Thou haſt my heart within thee, doſt thou

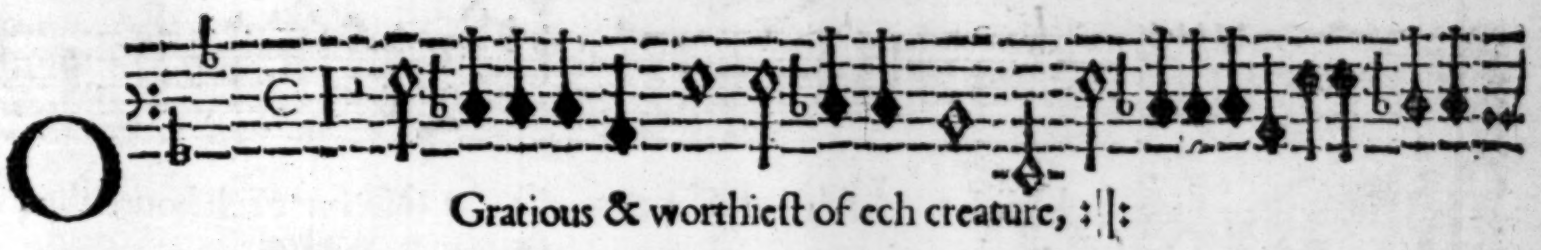
thinck by thy flying, doſt thou thinck by thy flying, cruell, to ſee me dying? Oh,

oh, none alyue can die, none alyue can dye, oh, none alyue can dye hurtleſſe

vngrieued, and griefe can no man feele, of hart depriued, of hart depriued, oh,

oh none aliue can dye hurtleſſe vngrieued, & griefe can no man feele, of

hart depriued, of hart depriued.


O Gratious & worthieſt of ech creature, :|:

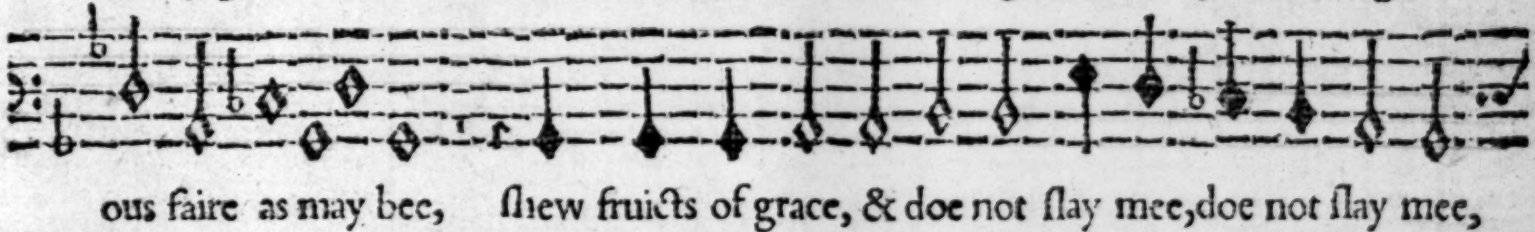

of ech creature, know you for why the fates, know you for why the fates,


the ſtars & heauen, this worthy name of gra-ti-ous haue gi-uen, haue

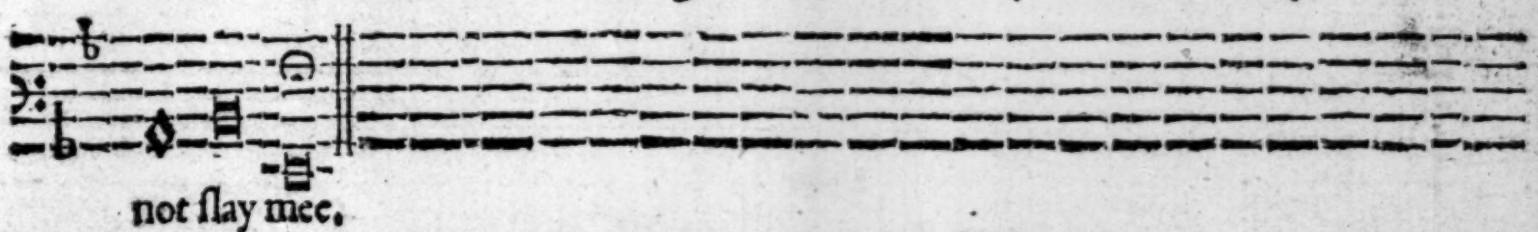

gi-uen, gi-uen, this worthy name of grati-ous haue giuen, to you ſo rare a feature,

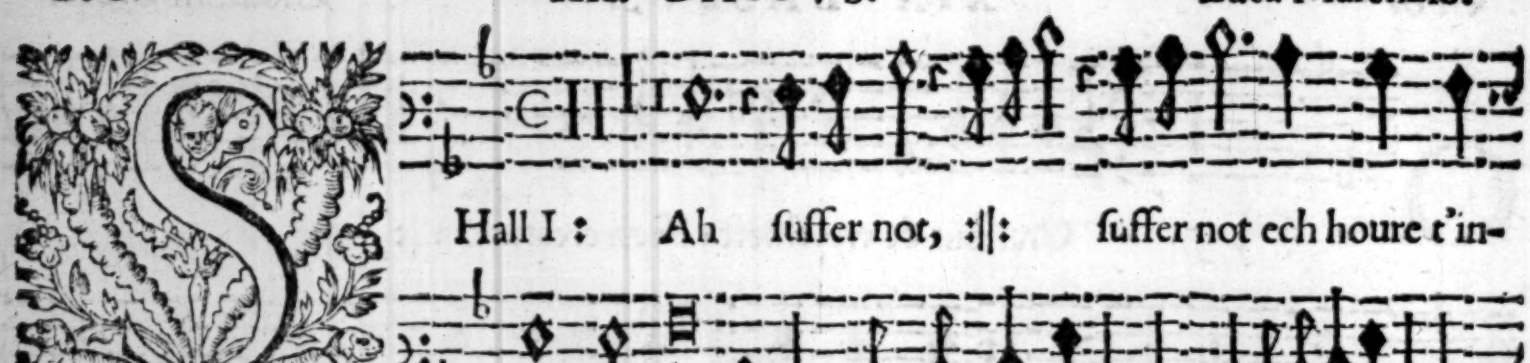

to you ſo rare a feature, becauſe within your gratious face is dweiling, each


louely grace & fauour moſt excelling, moſt excel- ling, then if you are ſo grati-


ous faire as may bee, ſhew fruicts of grace, & doe not ſlay mee, doe not ſlay mee,


doe not ſlay mee, ſhew fruicts of grace, and do not ſlay me, doe not ſlay mee, doe


not ſlay mee.


Hall I : Ah ſuffer not, :||: ſuffer not ech houre t'in-
creaſe my ſighing,ſee now my ſoule is flying, :||:
& if through griefe of force it muſt con- ſume,yet let it pining dye, (yea)dye
within thy milkwhite bo-ſome,ſee now my ſoule is flying, :||: &
if through griefe of force it muſt con- ſume,yet let it pining die, (yea)dye with-
in thy milkwhite bo-ſome, within thy milkewhite boſome.





O ſaith my faire & beautifull Li-co-ris, when now and



then ſhee talketh, :||: with mee of Loue, Loue is



a ſprit that walketh, that ſores & flyes & none aliue can hold him, :||:



nor touch him, nor behold him, yet when hir eyes ſhee turneth, I ſpie wher



hee ſoiorneth, Till from hir lippes hee fetch him. yet when hir eyes ſhee turneth, I



ſpie wher he ſoiorneth, Till from hir lippes he fetch him. In hir eyes ther he flies,



but none can catch him, till from hir lippes he fetch him, till from hir lippes he fetch him.



Or griefe I die, for griefe I dye enraged, now wretch I

feele my ſelfe by ſnares engaged, for while to much I ioyed,

for while to much I ioyed, new and more painefull bandes fierce loue employ-

ed, fierce loue employed, who helpes? who helpes ? oh who mee lamenteth? oh

who me lamenteth? who me lamenteth? that wilfullie my death by loue preuenteth, that

wilfullie my death by loue preuenteth, that wil-ful-lie my death by loue preuenteth,

by loue preuenteth.



Ainty white Pearle & you, & you freſh ſmyling

Roſes, The Nectar ſweet diſtilling, Oh oh why are

you vnwilling of my ſighes inly firing? Ah yet my ſoule hir ſelfe in them diſcloſes,

Ah yet my ſoule hir ſelfe in them diſcloſes, Some re-liefe, thence de-ſiring. Some

re-liefe thence de-ſiring.



HArd by : The birds they finely chirped, The birds they finely chirp'd, the winds



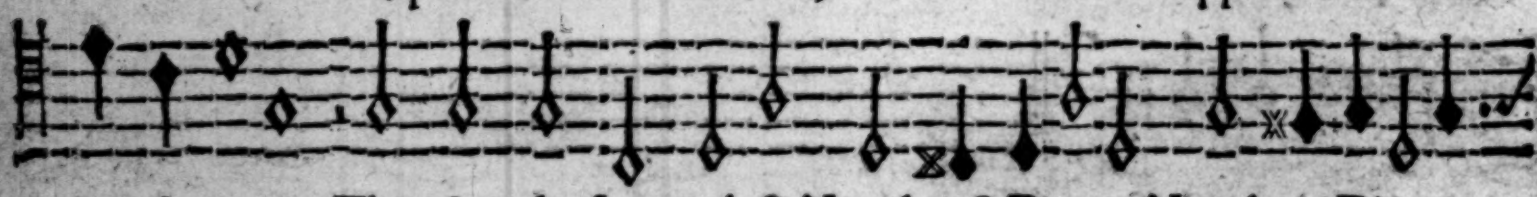
were ſtilled, ſweetly with theſe accentings, :||: th'aër was filled, Which



heau'n for hir reſerueth, :||: Leaue ſheppards your Lambs-keeping, :||:



Vpon the barren moũtaine, For ſhee the ſheppards liues main-



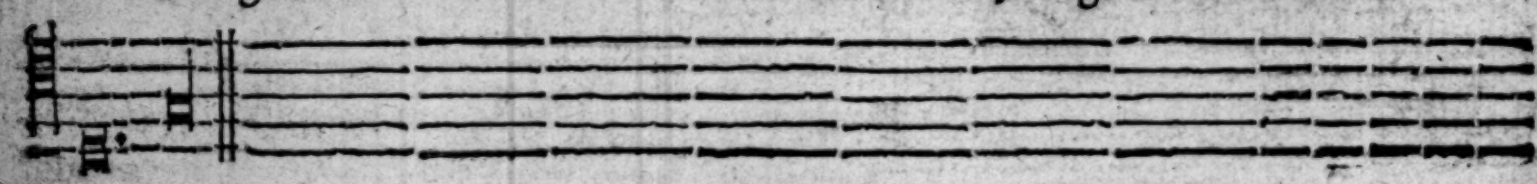
taines & yowërs, Then ſang the ſheppards & Nimphs of Di-a-na, Nimphs of Di-a-na,



Long liue faire *ORIANA*, faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIA-*



NA, Long liue faire *ORIANA*. faire *ORIANA*, Long liue faire *ORIA-*



NA.

FINIS.